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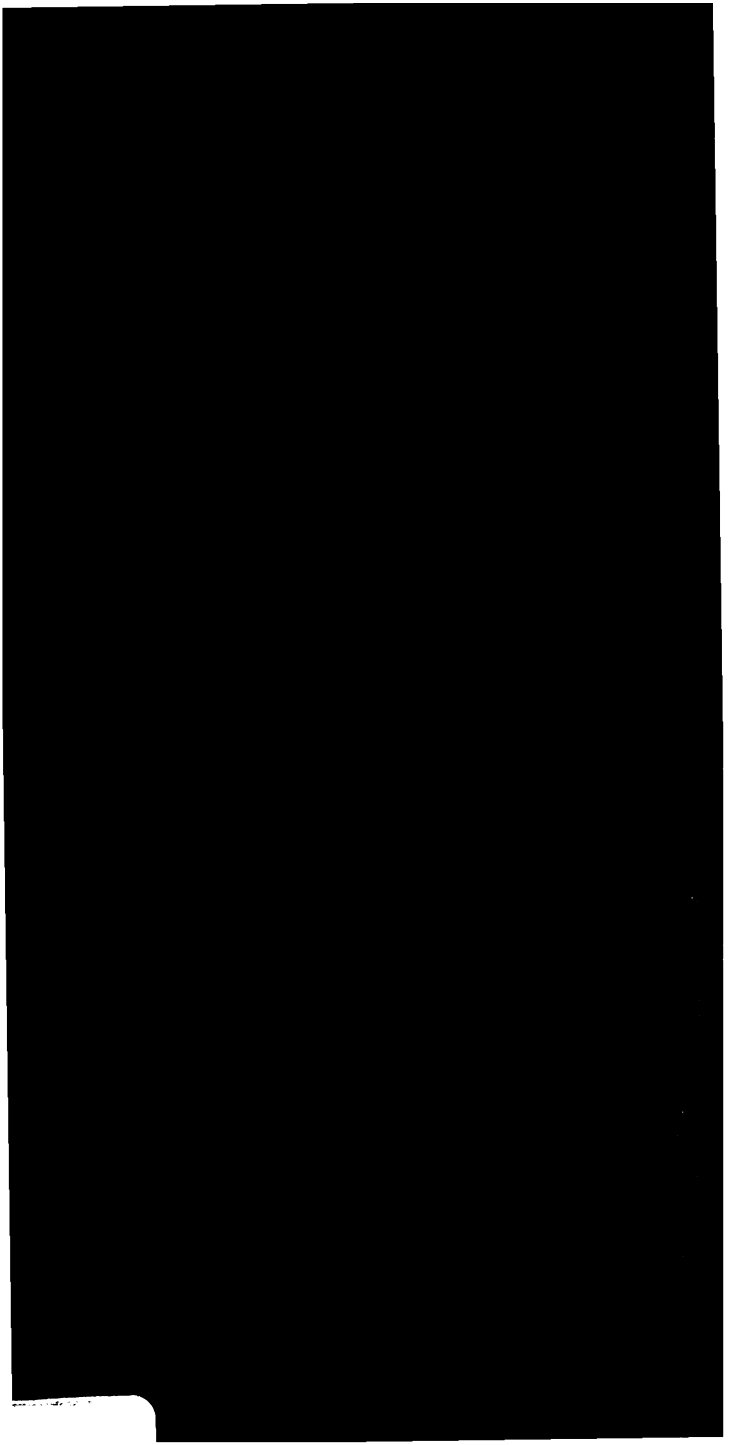

PEACE CAMPAIGNS

OF A

CORNET.

Beamish, North, Ludlow

Now in these piping times of *peace*.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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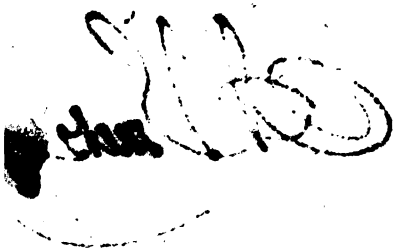

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PEACE CAMPAIGNS

OF A

CORNET.

CHAPTER I.

EMBARKATION FOR ENGLAND.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends
Beyond the best apothecary's art
The loss of love, the treachery of friends.
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

BYRON.

And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

POPE.

THE cornet had gone to bed for the last three nights, with the fervent wish that every succeeding morning would bring a westerly wind and an order to embark, and each time was he grievously disappointed. The constant state of preparation in which this uncertainty kept him, prevented him from enjoying the many amusements which Dublin afforded, with that freedom from care which he would otherwise have possessed. The mess was broken up; the baggage was on board the transports; those officers who had no friends with whom they could procure free quar-

ters, were scattered through the town among the various hotels and lodging-houses; and, from the colonel to the cornet, a sort of unsettled feeling was strongly evinced.

Pierce, who had never yet crossed the Irish channel, largely partook of the general disquietude, and although he had been accommodated with a bed at old Sumtott's town residence, in Merrion-square North, and experienced all the advantages of gratuitous board and lodging, together with the benefits of Society and temperance, he yet felt a sort of feverish anxiety about the embarkation, which prevented his mind from being composed.

At length came an auspacious south-wester; and when the accompanying rain saluted the cornet's window, he jumped out of bed with a degree of elasticity which had been for some days unknown to him. Carbine soon came, to confirm the intelligence that a change of wind had taken place, and the enthusiastic cornet, without stopping either to shave or breakfast, hurried on his uniform, and proceeded to the barracks; here an inward sensation of emptiness told him that he had been rather precipitate, for the troops had not yet paraded, and full time would have been allowed for an attack on Mr. Sumtott's cupboard before his departure from Merrion-square; unfortunately, also, this omission could not now be remedied, for it was too late to return to his friends, and the barrack afforded no means of solacing his complaining stomach. Pierce therefore paced the yard, in the two-fold misery of being to soon for parade, and too late for breakfast. "However," thought he, "we are going to embark at last, and that is worth sacrificing a breakfast to; besides, old Sumtott has provided me with a good sea-store, and I shall enjoy it with greater *goût* in the sea air, after this starvation."

This reverie was interrupted by the trumpet, and soon the gray was mounted, the G. Troop inspected,

and the whole regiment in march along Ormond quay; the band (all sober) playing "Patrick's Day in the Morning." The sun shone out gloriously after the shower, and the bright helmets, as they reflected its rays, gave a brilliancy to the scene, which elevated the spirits of the cornet, in a manner which, considering the want of breakfast, he could not well account for; the music soon attracted the early risers; shop-windows and doors flew open along the line, and a succession of heads, at various intervals and elevations, denoted the interest taken in the regiment by the inhabitants on the quay. "Good by!" "God bless you!" "a safe journey to ye!" were re-echoed by old friends and acquaintances to their parting associates; shaking of hands and nodding of heads expressed the feelings of the less eloquent well-wishers; an occasional shout from a more distant observer, signified his interest in the soldiers' prosperity: and throughout the motley crowd which had now collected to attend them, a manifestation of good will and kindly feeling evinced that the "black horse" were a favourite corps with their countrymen of the capital.

Arrangements having been previously made with regard to the allotment of the regiment on board the transports, the several divisions were ordered to form opposite to their respective vessels, and preparations for slinging were immediately commenced; two transports were generally found to accommodate the men and horses of one troop, and each transport was given in charge to an officer; to the cornet was allotted a small troop called the Emerald, and after marching his division of the G. Troop from one end of the line to the other, in search of the vessel, he found to his mortification, that she was moored at the very point from whence he had commenced his search. This oversight caused some delay; and the quarter-master general, who had come to inspect the embarkation, gave him rather a sharp hint on the subject of delay.

Pierce, always alive to any reflection upon his zeal, resolved not to be outdone by his brother commanders, and jumping from his horse, gave the necessary orders for removing the valise and horse appointments; then, quickly comprehending the mystery of slinging, on which the old soldiers of his division so much prided themselves, he set the example of exertion, by putting his own hands to the rope, and assisting in the shipping of the first horse.

Unfortunately for the cornet's expedition, he found himself encumbered with all the recruits and young soldiers belonging to the troop, who, from their inexperience in the embarkation of horses, were ill-calculated to forward his views of getting soon underweigh; their number also was insufficient, and he found a sad want of both moral and physical force in his division: a crowd of ragged idlers which surrounded him added to his embarrassment, and he every moment expected another visit from the quarter-master general, and another rebuke for his tardy operations.

Kilcock's mare now broke away, and threw them all into confusion; the experienced animal, well remembering the uncomfortable stable which a transport afforded, took the opportunity, when her master was about to substitute the hempen collar for the bridle, and suddenly springing from him, dashed through the crowd, and made off at full speed towards the barracks.

Pat swore, the crowd shouted, Pierce was distracted; but lamentation was of no avail, and two men were immediately despatched to secure and bring back the run-away. The cornet was now left with a diminished number of hands, and those the least effective; but a lucky thought suggested itself to him, and remembering the many systems of favourable feeling towards the corps which he had witnessed during their march along the quay, he appealed to the idle by-standers, and requested their assistance.

The application did not appear to be at first understood, and the cornet, fearing he had not been sufficiently explicit, repeated his request, accompanied by the promise of "something to drink."

The new termination of this sentence had a magical effect, volunteers passed forward in abundance, and before Pat and the mare returned, more than half his horses were embarked, and Pat now stimulated them to fresh exertions; and soon, to the inexpressible delight of Pierce, the envy of his rivals in zeal, and the disappointment of the quarter-master general, the Emerald got first under way, and, leaving the other transports to complete their loading, saluted them with three cheers in token of pre-eminence.

"Arrah! shall we throw you a rope to help yees?" said a wit of the cornet's division, addressing himself to his comrades, who were still labouring to complete the shipping of the troop in the other transport; the Emerald did not wait for a reply, but stretching into the bay, soon left the hilly coast of Ireland far behind. The wind kept steadily to the south-west, but the long continuance of an easterly gale had caused a considerable swell in the channel, and the cornet, as he gazed anxiously forward from the poop, beheld, with no small degree of alarm, the increasing size of the waves, as they rose before him in the distance: the scene was new to our hero, as was the sensation which it created, for although residing not twenty miles from one of the finest harbours in the universe, he had never ventured beyond its limits, and even when a lion-hunting party at Ballybutler did induce him to accompany them down the river, and as far perhaps as the harbour's mouth, or Roche's tower, he never felt particularly happy during the excursion, and would at any time have preferred riding on horseback double the distance.

In fact, Pierce was "a smooth water sailor," in every sense of the term, and never could understand the fun

of being "gunnel-to," or "beating to windward," or any of those occasional diversions from the plain sailing course, which a stiff breeze upon Lough Mahon sometimes rendered necessary; when, therefore, he beheld the agitation of the sea, and felt a corresponding movement within himself, he was by no means disposed to be in good humour with the element.

"Hadn't you better go below, Sir?" said the master of the Emerald, as he observed the cornet to grow pale, and lean over the side of the vessel; "there's a short sea here, that causes her to pitch a little."

"Not a little," thought Pierce, as he took the hint, and descended into the cabin; and calling Carbine to his assistance, leaped into one of the berths, in all the misery of incipient sea-sickness.

Pat was an old sailor, and recommended his master to lie down; the cornet, unable to reply, held up his leg, to signify that, previous to complying with Carbine's recommendation, his boots should be taken off; and the comprehensive valet, unstrapping the overalls, applied his hands to the outstretched boot; but, just at this critical operation, a heavy sea struck the broadside of the vessel, and caused her to roll in the direction of Carbine, who, faithful to his hold, brought away not only his sick master's boot, but also the accompanying leg and body, which, together with himself and a valise on which the cornet was resting his head, rolled prostrate on the floor; the noise brought down the master of the vessel, who, with difficulty suppressing his laughter, assisted the steward in placing the sufferers on their legs, and finally establishing Pierce in his berth. The cornet felt much relieved by this change of position, and the first strain upon his unprovided stomach having terminated, he lay torpidly listening to the confused noises upon deck, and the gurgling of the broken waves, as they met the hollow side of the vessel.

It is in such moments that recollections of the past

crowd upon the memory, when the body is exhausted, and the mind droops—when the exciting influence of anticipation is overpowered by the languor of physical debility, and the buoyancy of hope is superseded by the more real visions of dull reality; then does memory,

> To former joys recurring ever,
> And turning all the past to pain,

marshal each past event with a too faithful accuracy, and, dwelling with undivided attention upon what has been, irritate awakened consciousness with painful speculations of what might have been.

It is then that indifference to the present, succeeding an imbittered recollection of the past, creates a temporary aberration of mental energy; and friends and foes, objects of our love and those of our detestation—even self, the strongest tie—become alike devoid of interest;—passions subside, hope withers, and a recklessness of the future reigns predominant.

"Had I," thought Pierce, "declared my feelings on that evening when I presented her with the ring; had I at once confessed my love, my adoration of her, instead of dreading to inquire into the nature of her sentiments, and fearing the objections of my own family, perhaps this Methold would never——" Here a roll of the vessel interrupted the train of his thoughts, which, quickly returning to the subject that always most occupied them, continued with no increase of good humour.

"Methold, an infantry ensign! is he to be so blessed?"—a bitter ejaculation against his rival was now about to escape him, when the pervading effect of his situation disarmed his wrath, and, turning on the other side, he muttered inwardly—"I care not; let her love him; it matters not to me; I am indifferent both to their fate and my own; I care not what becomes of me."

The cornet's olfactory nerves were now saluted in a grateful manner; and drawing back his curtain, to ascertain from whence the reviving smell had proceeded, he perceived the steward entering the cabin with a smoking leg of boiled mutton, imbedded in a deep dish of juicy turnips, which, having placed upon the table, he went to inform the master, or captain, as he was by courtesy called, that dinner was served.

The captain obeyed the welcome summons, and striking a deep gash into the smoking leg, opened the flood-gates of an abundant stream of delicious gravy, which, issuing from the recesses of the deep-driven cut, deluged the turnips with its nutricious juices.

The captain, although never deprived of a true seaman's appetite by the want of company, was yet sociable enough to feel pleasure in the society of a chance passenger, and felt disappointed at [illegible] seeing the cornet prepared to do his duty by the leg of mutton; therefore, after allaying the poignancy of his feelings with a substantial wedge of the wholesome joint, he addressed Pierce with an expression of hope, "that the cornet would get up, and take a cut of mutton."

Pierce, whose eyes and nose had been already considerably excited by the well-garnished leg, replied, that he thought he would venture upon a small bit, but declined getting up, lest his stomach might again become discomposed.

The good-natured captain was delighted to hear so cheering a report from his passenger, and, in the fervency of his zeal to comply with the cornet's wishes, cut off a junk from the knuckle side, of dimensions sufficient to damp the appetite of the most able seaman in his Majesty's service, and adding a corresponding portion of fat, turnips, and gravy, bore the well-stored plate to the side of the cornet's berth, where, drawing back the curtains to the fullest extent, he saluted his passenger with the smoking viands.

But, alas! quantity had overpowered quality; and Pierce, who could have eaten with some relish a small piece of broiled mutton, or even a portion of the boiled unaccompanied with fat, was so completely overpowered by this tremendous dose of lean, fat, gravy, and turnips, that his appetite receded as the plate was presented to him; a loathing ensued, and he turned from the liberal offer of the honest captain in utter disgust. The captain saw he had overdone it, and laying down the plate, proposed a small bit of fried bacon; Pierce called for the steward at the bare mention of such a remedy; and now his sickness returning in all its original force, he begged that they would not again talk to him about eating, and sought relief in silence and his pillow.

Meantime, the Emerald scudded before the wind, and passing the Smalls light-house early on the following morning, arrived outside the bar about nine o'clock; the tide not serving, the captain was obliged to come to anchor, which was a source of great disappointment to the men of Pierce's division, for this delay enabled the remaining transports to come up before the flowing of the tide, and thus deprived the Emerald of that pre-eminence in sailing which she would otherwise have exhibited in entering the river.

The smooth water, and tidings of land, which Carbine took care to communicate to his master, produced a complete revolution in the cornet's feelings—so much so, that long before the steward had made the toast, and mixed the yelks of half a dozen of eggs, which were intended as a substitute for milk, Pierce was washed, dressed, and upon deck. The morning was delightful, and the mild land breeze from the Cheshire coast had so resuscitating an effect upon our hero's health and spirits, that, when the captain came up to apologize for having allowed the knife to slip when he was cutting the mutton on the preceding day, Pierce assured him, that, "So far from having any quarrel

with the mutton, he should have no objection to try a little of it, deviled, for breakfast."

The captain was glad to hear so good a report from his cabin passenger; and breakfast being soon reported ready, both cheerfully joined in a well-supported attack upon toast, eggs, fried bacon, and deviled mutton. Pierce did not even feel his appetite interfered with by the absence of milk; but played his part in the general destruction with so much energy and despatch, that the steward's calculations as to the quantum of toast required, which were founded upon the dinner of the day before, were completely defeated.

The anchor was weighed with the return of the tide, and the fleet of transports, headed by the Emerald, stood up for Liverpool, where they arrived in about an hour; but the process of landing did not at all correspond with this rapidity, for, on entering the docks, innumerable impediments presented themselves to the advance of the vessels; and Pierce, whose imagination had already placed him on shore, was provokingly disappointed at sight of the forest of masts, which, he was informed, must be penetrated and passed before they could approach that part of the dock which was appointed for their debarkation.

The strange uproar, however, which now presented itself, gratified, in some measure, his disappointment at the unavoidable delay, as it afforded him considerable amusement. Here the bow of a sloop that was going out, struck the broadside of a transport that was coming in: there the mainyards of a brig became entangled with the rigging of its neighbour; now the bowsprit of a presumptuous cutter protruded over the stern of its more advanced companion; ropes, booms, gaffs, and gunwales appeared mingled in such inextricable confusion, that the cornet could not imagine that order would ever be restored among them. Added to this, the shouting of the sailors—the abuse of the cap-

tains as their vessels became endangered, the contradictory and simultaneous bellowing of commands, entreaties, and directions—and the hoarse roaring of the harbour-master through a huge speaking trumpet, as he vainly endeavoured to procure an unimpeded entrance for the vessels containing his Majesty's troops, alternately served to astonish, perplex, and amuse our hero.

Several hours were spent in this Babel scene; and it was four o'clock before the Emerald could come alongside the quay, and allow the cornet to exercise that activity which had been so long repressed. Once arrived, however, he set to work *con amore;* and putting his own hands to the rope, had soon the satisfaction to behold the whole division safely landed. Then causing the men to mount, he marched off with a triumphant air, and proceeded to the market-place, where the regiment was ordered to assemble.

CHAPTER II.

MARCH TO BIRMINGHAM.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
BYRON.

"WHAT do you think I seed one of them there Hirish do?" said the hostler of the Rose and Crown at Wallingford, to one of his brother servants, who was engaged in the anomalous employment of brushing the dry mud off the legs of a post-horse with a long besom; and, his eagerness to communicate depriving him of patience to await a reply, added, with that full and loud expression which always accompanies the relation of the wonderful, "Swilling pigs' milk!" The dirt

brusher let fall his besom, from pure astonishment at such a fact, and gazing upon the narrator with a mingled look of horror and surprise, asked "Noa, did he doi?"

John Ostler assured him, that, wonderful to relate, death had not followed this unnatural use of pigs' milk, and both heroes of the stable joined in expressions of wonder at the temerity which led to, and the providential interposition which prevented any injurious effects from, so daring an act.

The reader, unacquainted with the description of food on which the lower order of the Irish generally subsist, if any such there be in these times of widely-extended information, must be told, that on the breakfast, dinner, and supper-table of the poor peasant, a large jug of sour milk, called, in Ireland, buttermilk, is the constant accompaniment to a proportionate wooden bowl of boiled potatoes, whose mastication it serves to assist, and in conjunction with a scanty portion of coarse salt, gives a relish and tone to the dry and unsavoury but nutritious root. Buttermilk is also considered not unworthy the patronage of the more opulent; and some old ladies will contend, that the certain recipe for long life and uninterrupted health, is a daily tumbler of fresh buttermilk, taken fasting.

In England, however, the case is different, and buttermilk does not, in any rank, possess that character which it holds in the sister country; nay, so degraded are its virtues, that it is generally applied to the support of pigs, and the creation of that transparent fat on which an English farmer so much values his home-cured bacon.

John Ostler's surprise, therefore, is easily accounted for; for when he saw a thirsty Irish recruit, after a hot and dusty march from Liverpool, despatch a quart of milk which was intended for the pigs' trough, he could not contain his expressions of astonishment, nor restrain himself from communicating the fact.

Pierce, who, after an excellent breakfast, had been trying to get the dirt out of his eyes and hair, heard the conversation in the yard, and treasured it as a good story for the mess. The new customs and appearances which on all sides met his view, furnished him much cause for astonishment. The cleanliness and comfort of the inns, the systematic activity of the waiters, the independent bluntness of the lowest peasant, the neatness of his latticed window and enclosed garden, and the total absence of beggars, or any indication of poverty, formed a contrast so much to the disadvantage of the land which he had just quitted, that he could not help expressing his feelings on the subject, in frequent and energetic exclamations.

"Alas! poor Ireland," he would say, "had we a little of this English money and activity, what, with our natural advantages, might we not perform!"

The [illegible] of the march to Birmingham Pierce found very agreeable, although a more than ordinary [illegible]ion of troop duty was imposed upon him, in consequence of the indisposition of Lieutenant Languid, who had been lately appointed to the troop; and who, after the first day's march, found that riding on horseback interfered so much with his health, that he found himself under the necessity of accompanying his wife, horse, and two children, in his travelling chariot.

The route from Wallingford lay through Northwich, Nayton, and Stafford; at the latter of which towns their society was augmented by the addition of a Mr. Thick, a farmer-looking person, who entered into conversation with the cornet, on the road, as they were entering Stafford, and volunteered his services in showing them the lions of the place.

Mr. Thick's polite attention was gratefully accepted of, and, soon after breakfast, the whole party were conducted by him to the lunatic asylum, which he stated to be the most extensive and best regulated in England; adding, at the same time, that he (Mr. Thick) was one of the committee of management.

After inspecting the cells, dormitories, halls, &c. &c. and admiring the order and cleanliness which pervaded them, the keeper ventured to conduct the military party into the yard, where the lower class of prisoners take their daily exercise. This was a sort of experiment, on his part, of the effect of scarlet cloth upon the minds of the lunatics, and was, as soon appeared, not unattended with considerable risk to the officers: for scarcely had the major, who headed the party, appeared in the yard, when a loud shout burst from the motley assembly, and a wild, emaciated-looking being, who fancied himself no less a personage than "Napoleon the Great," rushed towards the scarlet, and, in the most unceremonious manner possible, relieved the major from the weight of his helmet.

The *soi-disant* Napoleon had his head fantastically decorated with the feathers of old pens, which with much industry he had managed to collect; these were surmounted by a large cock's tail, which was so arranged, by means of twine, as to proceed from the crown of his head; a dirty beard, of many weeks' growth, extended along his chin from ear to ear; the front part of his tattered coat was hung with a profusion of small, circular pieces of tin, wood, and crusts of bread, in the form of medals, and his legs were covered, to the knees, with straw bandages, the meaning of which it would be difficult to determine.

Seizing the major's helmet, he gazed at the shining gilding of the front plate, and robbed the bear-skin crest with ecstatic delight; then uttering a loud scream, he transferred the martial covering to his own head, and strutted up and down the yard with all the dignity of an emperor, receiving from the other lunatics, as he passed, a sort of obeisance, which, in support of his imaginary rank, he appeared to have established as a necessary tribute.

Meantime, the other officers became also objects of attraction, and Pierce was soon saluted by a wan, for-

lorn-looking wretch (whose mind had become deranged by the sudden death of his intended bride) gently passing his hands over the back of his jacket, and addressing him, in the tenderest tones, by the name of Eliza.

The major, it must be confessed, felt rather alarmed at being so summarily dispossessed of his helmet, which was a new article—one of Hawkes and Moseley's best—made by measurement to fit his head, and had only come into his possession the day previous to his leaving Liverpool; it was not, therefore, without considerable pain, that he saw Napoleon cover with it his dirty hair, and, wishing to view the object of his admiration under various circumstances, and in different lights, placed it successively on the heads of his most favoured subjects.

Its last position was on matted locks, of such very equivocal [illegible]tion, that the major could no longer contain his impatience, and advancing towards the then possessor of his property, he made a movement indicative of an intention to regain it; but Napoleon, who had been hitherto comparatively tranquil, now evinced strong symptoms of his imperial displeasure, and pushing his hideous face in between the major and his prize, he darted forth a look of fire, in token of his indignation, at the attempt made to interfere with his decrees, and stamped violently with his foot.

The major's impatience subsided with the increase of the emperor's rage, and calling to his aid "the better part of valour," he rapidly retreated, and took refuge under the protection of the keeper, requesting his immediate interference in the restoration of the new helmet.

The keeper had already perceived that a more than usual degree of excitement had been produced upon the feelings of his patients, by the introduction of the red coats, and felt rather uncomfortable as to the probable result of the experiment, if allowed further

operation. He, therefore, by means of that peculiar influence which he possessed over the lunatics, obtained immediate possession of the helmet, and fearing the consequences of a longer delay, hurried Mr. Thick and his military friends out of the yard.

The major, as may be supposed, was not sorry to find his head once more covered with the cherished helmet, which, although bearing the strong impress of its late possessors, he buckled on with considerable satisfaction. Indeed the whole party congratulated themselves upon having so lucky an escape; for it appeared, by the confession of the keeper to Thick, that he had never seen the lunatics in so high a degree of excitement, produced, as he was convinced, by the red coats, to which they were unaccustomed. The major, therefore, recommended that no time should be lost in leaving the establishment; and although Breakpeace would gladly have accepted the invitation of the convalescents, who were exercising on the grass plot in front of the building, to join them in a game of bowls, yet, in compliance with the wishes of the commanding-officer, he denied himself that pleasure, and followed the rest of the party to the inn.

Thick was, of course, asked to dinner, and their expectations were not disappointed in his good humour and conviviality. Roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding formed a foundation for the repose of strong-bodied home-made port, which, when its enlivening properties had been diminished by frequent circulation, was followed by sundry bottoms of gin and brandy. Poor Thick, conceiving that it would be rudeness to refuse, partook of every thing that was offered to him; and although he had eaten what he called "rather a heavy lunch" at two o'clock, which was his usual dinner hour, he yet, by a great stretch of politeness, managed to accommodate two supplies of beef and pudding, together with half a spatchcock, and a plateful of gooseberry-fool.

This good eating naturally required good drinking; indeed he felt that the only chance he had of being able to keep down so varied and ample a repast, was by rather exceeding his usual portion of a pint of port. He, therefore, beheld the rapid circulation of the bottle without alarm; and when spirits were introduced, took his bottom of brandy, with a full confidence that it would do him good.

But neither Thick's head nor stomach were proof against an excess to which he was so totally unaccustomed, and a thickness of speech, and incipient hiccup, soon betrayed the effect which had been produced on them. Pierce saw with regret, that the good-natured farmer had been led on to eat and drink much more, as Ravenscroft said, than he was able to carry conveniently away; and when they placed him on horseback, felt serious apprehensions as to his future fate; but the ostler assured him that the old mare knew her way home as well as her master, and that "there was not the least fear of Master Thick getting safe to Elm Farm." After a hearty shake of the hands with all round, and a promise to visit the mess when established at its new quarters in Birmingham, the worthy farmer trotted off, Johnny Rum and Breakpeace accompanying his departure with a loud shout.

Farmer Thick had not been thus screwed without some of the party feeling also the effect of the example which it was thought necessary to show him, and among other sufferers from this extra libation was the worthy President, Major Costiff; he, forgetting, in an unguarded moment, Paris, Johnson, Wilson, Philip, Wadd, and Cornaro—being, moreover, unchecked by the presence of his hypochondriac rib, who had been economically consigned to the Birmingham Defiance—entered quite into the spirit of the evening's occupation; and at the risk of utterly destroying the gastric juice, and creating a false appetite, never failed to fill his glass preparatory to each command of "Pass the

bottle, Mr. Vice." The consequence was, that when the President got up to pay his parting civilities to their guest, it was a matter of doubt to many of the officers, whether the major or the farmer was the best qualified to mount a horse at that moment, with any prospect of remaining on his back. The major's unsteadiness, however, manifested itself in a very different way from that of the farmer; for not only his head but his heart was affected: and the first object that presented itself to his affection being the lady in the bar, he at once introduced himself into that sanctuary, and brought forth from the long neglected store-house of his memory, all those endearing expressions with which, in an earlier time, he had charmed the sensitiveness and riveted the affections of Mrs. Costiff.

The landlady had been a celebrated beauty, whose face and fortune had attracted and disappointed many a suitor; but proving, like many of the more exalted of her sex, too difficult to please, flourished at five-and-forty in "single blessedness." To the port-excited major, however, she appeared, at most, sixteen, and he gazed at her with that glazed eye of devotion which such an age, under its most attractive circumstances, would naturally justify. Indeed, after the first volley of compliments, whether awed by the dignified beauty of the virgin landlady, or rendered speechless by her port, he did little else than gaze, and this in so strange a manner, that Mrs. Perkins thought it would be for their mutual advantage that the interview should cease; accordingly, ringing for the chambermaid, she committed the enamoured major to her care, and wished him "a very good night."

Next morning saw the troops on their march for Wolverhampton: and the following day, after traversing the dreary flat, which, bounded by smoking chimneys and blazing furnaces, leads through the immense population of Bilston and the adjacent hamlets, they entered Birmingham. Here the march was to end; and

although the cornet had been both amused and instructed by the novel scenes which its progress presented to him, he yet felt no sort of regret, when the dome of St. Philip's indicated the town where these long morning rides were to terminate.

The barracks at Birmingham were found to be commodious and well situated; and, unfortunately for the officers, were considered so desirable a residence by the major and his lady, that they decided at once on occupying the field-officer's quarters.

"And as many more rooms as they can do us out of," said Ravenscroft, when he heard of this decision.

"By Jove, Mrs. Cos. shall have no help from me," said Breakpeace; "I have no idea of encouraging women to come into barracks."

This moral resolution of the captain's was much applauded by Pierce, Flickerby, and Ravenscroft, who together with the speaker, were assembled in conclave in the barrack-yard, awaiting the arrival of the barrack-master to inspect and choose their respective quarters, and were whiling away the time by discussing this most unexpected and unwelcome intelligence of the major's intention to live in barracks.

"What a bore!" said Cornet Thompson, who, with Pierce, had joined the party; "I declare there ought to be no such thing as wives in a dragoon regiment."

"Nor children either," said Flickerby, looking significantly at the English cornet, who, even with the assistance of high-heeled boots, did not measure more than five feet three inches; "but, joking apart, I wish to heavens we could prevent this major commanding from honouring us with his household; can't we hit upon some plan to make him change his intention?"

"Swear the rats will eat his moustaches," said Ravenscroft.

"Eat his 'effervescing Cheltenham' you mean," said Breakpeace.

"Or Mrs. Cos.'s antibilious indigestive," said Johnny.

"Ha, ha, ha! that would be an objection indeed to the barrack," replied Ravenscroft; "but I fear the major is not to be done in that way; house-room without lodging-money is mighty convenient; and then, you know, one room is quite enough for a bachelor: and nobody could refuse dear Mrs. Costiff, who is so tender to us young innocents, and so delicate and bilious, ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll see her physicked before she has any extra room with my consent," said Breakpeace, emphatically; "that'll never do. If you give an inch to these sort of people, they are sure to take an ell, until at last we should be told that the mess-room is big enough for our dinner and bed-room. There's that old humbug of a quarter-master goes and locks up, generally, one-fourth of the barracks for himself and his swarm of children, and then affects great civility and accommodation in squeezing us into the rest of the building. No, no; giving up one's right is all nonsense; they never thank you for it, but laugh at your folly for being so easily gulled."

"They may laugh that win," said Ravenscroft; "I think Mr. Cos. is booked for the barracks, notwithstanding all your resolutions."

"That may be," replied the other captain, "but it does not follow that she is to stay there."

"How, what do you mean?" said several.

"Only that she might find the atmosphere there rather too warm. I'm very fond of music and an evening party, you know."

Flickerby at once comprehended the allusion, and laughed immoderately at the idea of it.

In order that the reader should equally participate in the joke, he must be informed that Breakpeace, who had no ear whatever for music, but, like Dr. Johnson, considered all noises equally sonorous, had an extraordinary fancy for that original instrument, called, paradoxically, a tin horn; with one of these he was known

to amuse himself for half an hour at a time, and, in vain efforts to produce that startling octave on which a mail-coach guard so much prides himself, he sent forth the most hideous compound of high, low, and drowning tones that can be imagined. To acquire execution on the instrument was, however, his ambition; and as execution, he was told by the master of the band, was only to be acquired by practice, his efforts were carried on with untiring industry. The tin horn always occupied a conspicuous situation in his barrack-room, from whence its strains proceeded whenever the captain's leisure admitted of this delightful relaxation. So invaluable a resource was now, therefore, looked upon as vitally connected with, not only the captain's happiness, but that of the whole corps of bachelors; and the group in the barrack-yard heard, with much satisfaction, Breakpeace's expressed determination to continue his practice with unabating vigour. Rum, also, promised to provide himself with a watchman's rattle, and, after having received sufficient instructions in the fingering, to accompany the leading strain of the horn; and Flickerby agreed to look out for a dozen of the largest sized penny trumpets, in order that all those who had any taste for music might contribute their talents to the intended concert; this was appointed to be held in Breakpeace's room, as soon as it was notified to him by the performers that they were provided with instruments, and perfect in their parts. And now, the barrack-master having arrived with the keys, the subject was changed, and the several parties proceeded to the selection of their respective quarters.

CHAPTER III.

BANNA'S BANKS.

Oh! it came o'er the ear like the sweet south
Breathing upon a bank of violets.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE plan thus laid for producing a revolution in the opinions of Major and Mrs. Costiff, with regard to the situation and commodiousness of the Birmingham barracks, was soon matured and put into practice. Breakpeace established himself immediately over the field-officer's quarters; Flickerby got possession of the adjoining room, and Johnny Rum of the one opposite; so that, whether for solo practice of their several instruments, or for the united operation of all their musical powers, in either of the rooms, they were equally well situated for bestowing on the major and his lady the full benefit of their musical labours.

For the first week all was comparatively quiet, it being thought advisable to give the major every encouragement to settle himself: and, except the occasional sound of a little private practice, denoted by a a blast from Breakpeace, a squeak from Flickerby, or a rattle from Johnny, no circumstance occurred to shake the nerves or effect the digestion of the parties below; but when the medicine-chest had been unpacked, the phials and pill-boxes arranged, the carpet spread, the coals and candles laid in, the passage swept, and a green baize curtain nailed up at the end to prevent the intrusion of noise and observation, then it was considered high time to make arrangements for a concert.

The evening after the green baize had received its last nail was therefore fixed upon for an assembly of all the talents in Breakpeace's room; and soon after the "allowance" of port had been disposed of, Rum, Flickerby, and the two cornets, were invited to grog and music in the captain's quarters. Pierce was at the same time requested to bring his flute, in order that as a full band as possible might be mustered.

The performers immediately sought their several instruments, and were marshalled by Breakpeace in the passage. To the flute was given the right of the line, and to the rattle the left; Flickerby, provided with a penny trumpet, was stationed in the centre, and little Cornet Thompson, who expressed his anxiety to "assist in the concert," was also furnished with a similar instrument, and placed next him.

The leader and organizer of this extraordinary orchestra was just about to give the signal for commencing the overture by a loud blast from his horn, when he fortunately recollected that the operation of tuning had not been gone through; and feeling that to attempt any piece without this indispensable precaution, would be a sad reflection upon their musical ability, he suddenly checked his intended signal, and requested that the performers would adjourn to his room for the purpose of tuning. The captain's suggestion was unanimously approved of, and all expressed their gratification at having a leader of so much discrimination. General tuning, therefore, immediately commenced, or rather a mock operation of that kind; for after half an hour's unremitting exertion to get the horn in tune with the flute, the rattle with the horn, and the trumpets with the rattle, during which many expressions of astonishment at the unaccommodating disposition of the instruments were uttered, and many stamps of affected irritation were made on the floor, the performers were of opinion, that to establish concord was hopeless, and agreed, *nem. con.*, that it would

show a greater consideration for the audience to play out of tune, than not to play at all. Accordingly, a commencement was resolved on, and the only remaining difficulty was, to determine what tune or overture would prove the most effective. This, however, was a point that did not occupy much discussion, for the only one of the party that knew one tune from another was our hero; and his knowledge, as has been before shown, was not very extensive; it was, however, sufficient on this occasion to enable the performers to come to a decision, for on Pierce stating that the only tune he could play out of book was "Banna's Banks," it was carried unanimously that "Banna's Banks" should be the standard piece for the evening.

Pierce now naturally became the leader, and his first bar was accompanied with a crash of discord that would have defied the highest notes his flute could produce. The cornet in vain protested against the loudness of the accompaniment, and declared his inability to play either in time or tune under such circumstances; but the orchestra was obstreperous; and although he repeatedly stated, that "Banna's Banks" was a slow and melancholy tune, Breakpeace insisted upon his playing it as fast as a country dance.

A full hour had been occupied in this chaotic uproar, each performer vieing with his neighbour in loudness and discord of tone, when it was proposed by their host that a march along the passage would give relief both to them and the audience below; and accordingly the musicians changed the scene of their operations, and, headed by Breakpeace, who took care to beat time with his feet *en promenant*, marched with much solemnity up and down the long passage, which was immediately over that which the major had so carefully secured with green baize.

The squeaking, rattling, and roaring was kept up in the passage until the parties concerned became so exceedingly weary of their own music, that they, with

one accord, requested permission of the leader to defer the further execution of "Banna's Banks" until the following evening. Pierce had long ceased his fruitless efforts to preserve the continuity of the air: and having been hitherto little more than an inefficient addition to the promenade, was glad to hear the proposition of a finale, which was effected with all the noise that the several instruments were capable of affording; and the satisfied performers then applied themselves to the more quiescent occupation of disposing of the refreshing beverage, which their host had provided for them. The merits of the performance, and of Breakpeace's *garde du vin*, were here discussed, and so favourable to both was the general opinion, that a concert and punch, every alternate evening, were decreed indispensably necessary to the happiness of all the occupiers of the barrack, not forgetting the major and his lady, whose opinion was thus anticipated. It was further arranged, that each of the performers should, in his turn, be "at home," for the celebration of the evening's amusement: and Flickerby being the next in seniority, was cautioned to provide for the reception of his company on the next occasion.

But what, it may be asked, were the feelings of Major and Mrs. Costiff during the performance which has been just described? and did they really coincide with that opinion which had been so boisterously assented to in the room above, and which had been presumed to accord with theirs, although the question had never been asked them? Alas! no; the poor lady had been in a perpetual state of suffering during the whole performance: for, exclusive of a professed sensibility of ear, which, though not sufficient to guide her in distinguishing tones of the most opposite melody, was yet frequently dwelt upon by her when music was the subject of conversation, she was, on this particular evening, rendered still further susceptible of nervous impressions, by a long continuance of hammer-

ing, with which the major had indulged himself in the morning, when employed in fixing the book-case, driving nails for pictures, kettle-holders, and such other articles of useful and ornamental furniture, as his sitting-room invariably exhibited.

Mrs. Costiff was, therefore, more than usually unfitted to bear the uproarious discord which issued from the "bachelors' gallery," and she did not fail to express her feelings on the subject without reserve. At first, her addresses to the major were temperate; but in proportion as the noise increased, and became protracted, did her sensibility and indignation increase, until the marching operation, which united the heavy stamping of feet to the already distracting sound of the instruments, brought the poor lady's feelings to a climax of wrath, which even the major had seldom witnessed.

"This is really quite intolerable," said Mrs. Costiff, as her abigail brought in the tea things; "Harris, do find out what the officers are doing in the passage, and what's the meaning of this dreadful noise. I am astonished, Major Costiff," she continued, as Harris left the room, "that you should so tamely submit to such rudeness towards me, and disrespect to yourself—I am really astonished at it."

The major had seated himself in his usual methodical manner, with both elbows resting on the table, and was patiently awaiting the influence of half a kettle of boiling water upon three teaspoonfuls of black tea. This evening beverage was one which he much delighted in, and any interruption to his systematic sipping from the green and gold cup twice replenished, was not generally borne with the best possible good humour. For some moments he made no reply to the last mentioned goading address of his irritated lady, which was only an exaggerated repetition of her observations since the commencement of the up-stairs performance. At length, slowly turning his eyes from

the ornamental lid of the tea-pot, on which they had been rivetted since the introduction of the hot water, and fixing them with ominous intensity upon his better half, he thus spoke:—

"I tell you, Madam," (the major always called her Madam when he was anxious to produce an effect,) "as I have often told you, that women know nothing at all about these matters, and the more they interfere in such subjects, the more mischief do they commit. When I consider myself treated with disrespect, I trust that I shall know how to resent it, and uphold the dignity of a major commanding half the regiment; but let me tell you, that you are not to expect in barracks the quietness of your father's rectory; and although we were undisturbed at Cahir and Philipstown, because I managed to get an entire wing of the building to myself, it does not follow that we shall find this small [illegible] equally comfortable. My ear is, I flatter myself, as sensitive as yours, (the major could blow a few *goose* notes on the clarionet,) and as much alive to discord and want of harmony: but I am not therefore to interfere with the amusements of others, and to compose myself at meals (here the major put in his cup to be replenished) by taking cognizance of what may be going on over head."

"And so I am to have my head distracted for the amusement of these gentlemen! I shall certainly not be able to get any sleep to-night, and when that is the case, you know my digestion is always affected. I wonder, my dear, how you can talk so unfeelingly. I am sure they are making this noise on purpose. There! that's Captain Breakpeace's mad scream, I'm certain. What's the advantage of being a major, if one cannot put a stop to such a shameful uproar?"

Harris now entered in a state of evident excitement, and with all the indignation of insulted virtue, declared that "there was no standing them officers, their conduct was so *imperent*."

On a simultaneous inquiry from both master and mistress, the excited Abigail stated, that on going to inquire into the cause of the uproar, in compliance with her mistress' orders, "she was out in the passage by Captain Breakpeace, who *catched* her by the gown in a very *misbehaving* manner, which, when she saw what he was at, she *give* him a good slap in the face, which he then stuck up his long horn, and blew it at her, so that she was frightened out of her wits, which, she declared she'd tell on him, which—"

"Poh! nonsense!" uttered the major, interrupting her, "what business had you in the passage at all? Your curiosity was properly rewarded. Come, take away these things, and let us hear no more of your scuffle with Captain Breakpeace."

Harris sulkily obeyed, at the same time appealing by look to her mistress, who was already prepared to take up the cause of her injured Abigail.

"I am surprised beyond measure, my dear," said the eloquent lady, "how you can remain thus passive on such an occasion; not only is there no consideration, or common courtesy, towards the delicate state of my health; not only no subordination or military discipline, or respect to your rank, and command of half the regiment, but even my servant, my own maid, is grossly insulted; really, my dear, if you permit this sort of thing to go on, one cannot tell where these gentlemen will stop. I suppose by and by Captain Breakpeace will be pulling out his horn at me, and insulting me to my very face."

Harris's countenance brightened as her mistress proceeded, and seeing that the major was not disposed to reply while she remained in the room, she bore off the tray in the full conviction that, if redress was not afforded her for Captain Breakpeace's rudeness, it would not be owing to want of exertion on the part of her lady. The door closed after Harris, but still the major spoke not. Mrs. Costiff fidgetted about

the room, took up her work-box, pulled out a flounce, made a show of threading her needle, and filled up the unoccupied intervals with the words—"shameful! most extraordinary! impudent!" but still her spouse

—— Spake not, he moved not, he looked not around.

The major, however, did not think the less on the subject of his lady's complaint, and indeed his taciturnity in a great measure proceeded from the intensity of consideration which the case required; for, although the major was a most worthy man, and conscientious officer, yet he laboured under that difficulty, common to many of his superiors in rank and knowledge, fickleness of purpose.

This inability to come to a decision was a constant cause of embarrassment to him; and, strange as it may appear, the more he considered a subject, the more he heard it discussed, and the more he weighed the several arguments *pro* and *con*, so in proportion did his perplexity increase, and his power of deciding retrograde.

Mrs. Costiff was so sensible of this flaw in her husband's character, that she generally endeavoured to save him the labour of consideration, by avoiding all the intermediate intricacies of doubtful points, and at once pronouncing judgment. This step was, with much generalship, invariably followed up by unjust excitements to induce a rapidity of execution corresponding to that of design, and the persevering lady seldom relinquished this meritorious activity until her object was accomplished.

In the present case, as has been shown, her opinion upon the nature and intent of the evening concert upstairs, had been at once formed; the major, however, did not, or at least appeared not to consider the subject in the same point of view; but his continued silence after her last emphatic address, and his fixed

gaze upon the titlepage of Dundas, from which his eyes had not been turned for full twenty minutes, sufficiently indicated to her experienced observation, that the major's ideas were far from being concentrated, and that it was absolutely necessary she should provide him with judgment, and relieve him from vain demands upon his own reason.

The shrewd lady was, however, prudent enough to recollect the advantages which, in similar cases of difficulty, she never failed to derive, from the major being suffered to dwell unassisted on the subject, and she therefore determined upon reserving her force until his embarrassment had arrived at its height; this, Mrs. Costiff calculated, might take place about the period of his retiring for the night, so lighting her bed candle, and replacing her flounce, she departed to prepare a curtain lecture, and left the silent major to doubt and Dundas.

CHAPTER IV.

FIELD-DAY.

I'm asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, or sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

SHAKSPEARE.

———Dux fœmina facti.

VIRGIL.

We will not pretend to say what occurred behind the scenes on the night succeeding the events which have been recorded in the last chapter. Whether the major's doubts were cleared up, his feelings worked

upon, or his future peace of mind threatened—whether Mrs. Costiff entreated, dictated, smiled, or sulked—whether she sought repose in the arms of her lord, and soothed his cares,

With gentle words of loving harmony,

or, defying sleep, and unmindful of the major's snoring, kept up a series of unremitting attacks upon his unwilling ears, until the morning's dawn;—these are hidden mysteries, beyond our power of recording; but certain it is, that during this eventful period of the twenty-four hours, an effect of no ordinary kind had been produced upon the commanding officer, for at so early an hour as six on the following morning, he had already taken his morning draught, and sent the first stableman his voice could reach, for the acting sergeant-major.

The sergeant, who had lately been promoted to this situation, thought it not unreasonable to indulge in a little extra morning sleep on the strength of his advancement, and while the next in seniority was doing his duty, revelled in day dreams of increased pay, and farther elevation; he was consequently not out of bed when the major's order was communicated to him through the key-hole, and his half-buttoned garments showed, as he hurried across the yard to the impatient major, that this early demand upon his exertion considerably interfered with the economy of his toilet.

"What do you mean, Sir, by coming to me in that state?" asked the indignant major, as his eyes glanced from the unbuttoned jacket to the half-buttoned trowsers; "button your jacket, Sir."

The trembling sergeant-major commenced some words of apology, which were almost immediately interrupted by—

"Warn the men for a field-day immediately, to parade at eight o'clock; come, be alive."

"Yes, Sir," said the bewildered sergeant, whose attention was about equally divided between the arrangement of his clothes, and the major's commands; "yes, Sir," and running off after the words, "be alive!" he as quickly returned to inquire "whether the officers were to attend?"

The major had nearly closed the orifice of his mouth with a fine frothy solution of military shaving soap, and was just about to apply the razor, when this question was asked; checking his intended operation, he now, in evident irritation, exhibited his well-lathered face at the window, and at the risk of having his palate saluted with the foaming mass, roared,

"Officers! of course—warn them immediately."

The trumpet sounded for "orders," and soon Pat Carbine was at the cornet's door, with the intimation that "a field-day had been ordered at eight o'clock." The heavy tread of the orderly sergeants along the passage, as they communicated the information to their several officers—the rattling of swords, collar chains, and stable buckets—the noise of servants, as they hurried to the stables with their master's horse-appointments—the galloping of loose horses about the yard, and the shouts of the more careful dragoons who were cleaning theirs in security, soon confirmed the tidings of which Carbine was the bearer.

Pierce never felt less disposed to get up; the tiresome performance of the preceding night, closed as it had been, by a too liberal use of Breakpeace's hospitality, had produced a heaviness of sleep which for some moments baffled Carbine's exertions. However, after drawing back all the curtains, and giving the bedclothes a gentle shake, Pat succeeded in impressing upon his master the necessity of an immediate compliance with the directions of the trumpet.

With a dreadful headache the cornet rose; but so slow had he been in obeying the summons of his faithful domestic, that he had not time even to fortify him-

self with a cup of tea; and before he could effect the junction of his sword belt, the "turn out" had already sounded.

The cornet's unfitness for duty was still further increased by a letter which was handed him just after he had mounted. Under the circumstances which he received it, military discipline ought to have directed him to defer the perusal until after the field-day; but seeing the Ballybutler post mark, he could not refrain from breaking the seal and running over the contents.

The letter was from his mother, and, as usual, consisted of three sides, crossed. Pierce turned it over and about, as if the more readily to obtain a general idea of its contents, the detail of which time would not permit him to venture on, and just as he had pronounced it "stupid," and was about to consign it to his sabretasche, his eyes were arrested by the postscript, always the most important part of a lady's letter.

P. S. "Mrs. Lovett's match-making has ended as usual; Method's father would not submit to her dictation about settlements, and all is broken off. The young man has been forbidden the house—poor Susan is in great grief."

The cornet must be forgiven for the feelings which this postscript gave rise to. To say that he rejoiced at Method's disappointment, or at the more poignant suffering of the sensitive Susan, would be an act of injustice to the kind heart and generous feelings of our hero; for, however much his own sanguine expectations may have been destroyed, and his spirit mortified by the successful addresses of another, to one on whom his earliest affections had been concentrated, and whose heart was free, because, perhaps, he had not ventured more directly to solicit its sympathies, yet Pierce felt too deeply interested in Susan's happiness, and was too sensible of the little foundation which existed for his wild and sanguine anticipa-

tions, to hesitate in sacrificing his own hopes to her welfare: and "if," he would often say, "Susan loves him, and Methold be worthy of her love, then am I contented."

There was, however, more philosophy than feeling in this assertion; and often as the cornet endeavoured to impress it upon his mind, there was a something revolting in the conclusion of the proposition, which always led him to doubt its truth.

Contented or not, with what appeared unavoidable, certain it is, that Mrs. Butler's postscript awakened a train of hopes and wishes which had been long repressed. "Broken off!" he repeated, as the squadrons left the yard for the exercise ground, and proceeded along the suburb which communicated with the country road; "perhaps, now—"

"Cornet Butler, what are you about?" roared a voice from the rear of the column; "have you neither hands nor legs, Sir, that you can't keep your horse straight, and cover before you?"

This morning salutation proceeded from no less person than the major commanding, who, after having kept the troops waiting for full half an hour after the time appointed for parade, at length ordered Flickerby to march them to the ground, and had now galloped up to assume the command.

Pierce's thoughts were far removed from the business of the field-day when the major addressed him; in a moment of abstraction he had allowed the reins to drop, and when the above rebuke reached him, he was most unconsciously riding on the green side of the road, his mare having chosen that part as being more agreeable to her feet, and admitting of a nearer approach to a most tempting blackthorn hedge, from which she snapped occasional mouthfuls of the young shoots.

The cornet, awakened to a sense of his irregularity, quickly snatched up his reins, and fell into his place,

and luckily the major's rebuke left sufficient impression on him to prevent any further abstraction of mind during the rest of the march to Mosely Heath.

Here, however, poor Pierce suffered a relapse, and in the very first manœuvre, that of "marching past by half squadrons," was called to order by the commanding officer for having lost his distance.

"March past again!" roared the major, after having wheeled the column into line, and exposed a wide interval on the right of the left squadron. "The left squadron is not within three horses' lengths of its distance, Cornet Butler, I desire more attention; distances must not be lost—recollect, Sir, the breadth of your half squadron, and don't let me see an inch lost. March past again!"

The line was again thrown into open column, and Pierce, much annoyed with himself at having been guilty of an omission which apparently resulted from pure carelessness, but which was in reality caused by the irresistible wandering of his thoughts on other subjects, resolved that the major should not a second time have any cause of complaint as to loss of distance; calculating his interval, therefore, with the greatest exactness, he obeyed the word of command, and passed the first marker in a most unexceptionable manner.

But here the major gave the word "trot!" and with the change of pace, the direction of our hero's thoughts was also changed, for on "halt, wheel into line!" being complied with, he found that his half squadron had followed so rapidly on the heels of the other, that there was no possibility of accommodating above one-fourth of its number in the alignement.

Now the cornet was considered rather a good half-squadron officer: he had made himself master of both Dundas and Dalbiac, at least so far as the former had been elucidated by the latter. He also possessed more knowledge of the general principles of tactics,

than many of his superiors, both in age and experience, not excepting the major himself; and was generally selected for the responsible command of a flank half-squadron, in consequence of the advantages which he was supposed to possess.

It was not, therefore, without considerable astonishment, nay, extreme irritation, that the major commanding witnessed this second error in so simple a movement, and feeling confident that it did not proceed from ignorance, concluded it must have been caused by design—connecting the circumstance also with the concert of the preceding night, for which this field-day was intended as a return. He called out the unlucky cornet in front of the regiment, and observed, in no very measured terms, upon this, as he called it, "intentional commission of the grossest and most inexcusable blunders."

Pierce was going to assure him that his accusation was unfounded, and that he never felt more desirous to do his duty, &c.; but "Silence, Sir, fall in," checked his apology, and he was obliged to submit without remark to this unmerited censure.

"Marching past," was now abandoned, and the major proceeded to go, numerically, through ten or twelve of the eighteen manœuvres, being those only of which he felt confident enough to give the words of command out of book. The right was thrown back on the left, and the left brought forward on the right; position was changed in open column, and flank marches made in close column; the retreat was performed *en échiquier*, and the advance *en éschelon;* all according to the prescribed rules and regulations for formations and movements of his Majesty's cavalry. That is to say, the words of command were given according to the prescribed formula, but the execution was of a very different character, for not only did the cornet's continued abstraction lead him to commit numerous, and apparently inexcusable errors, but Break-

peace, Flickerby, and the rest of the musical party, feeling convinced that the sudden field-day had been ordered expressly for their edification, took every opportunity to increase the confusion, and entangle the major in his manœuvres.

Cornet Thompson, on hearing the word "march," invariably pulled up his horse and halted, pretending that he had mistaken the word. Johnny, on being ordered to the right, immediately took his half squadron to the left. Flickerby, on being desired to put the regiment through a manœuvre, clubbed the whole line, and left the major to set it right; and Breakpeace, on leading his squadron to the charge, rode over the farrier, who was placed in front to mark the point of direction, and taking the men far away to the other side of the heath, returned at a walk, saying that he could not stop his horse.

These effects of premeditated error so fully coincided with the unintentional mistakes of the cornet, that Major Costiff decided, in his own mind, that a league had been formed by the several parties, as well against his public duty, as against his private peace. He, therefore, determined, unequivocally, and without delay, to express his sentiments to the delinquents, on the impropriety of their conduct, and causing the "officers' call" to be sounded, he thus addressed the assembled body—

"Gentlemen—this is the most extraordinary, the most unaccountable proceeding which I have witnessed since I have had the honour to command half this regiment. The grossest errors, the most unjustifiable mistakes, the most abominable blunders—before my face, too, and without any disguise—have been committed this day. It cannot proceed from ignorance, gentlemen. The officers in command of half squadrons know their duty well enough. No, it is not ignorance, gentlemen. If I had gone beyond the tenth manœuvre in Dundas, there might be some ex-

cuse; but I have not done so: I have confined myself to those movements which are well known to you, which you have often performed under my instruction, and —"

Here the major's head, happening to move from its usual statue-like position towards the right, his eyes caught the cornet, who, with much shrewdness, had placed himself nearly on the major's flank, where he expected to be out of the range of his visual rays.

"And you, Cornet Butler," he continued, "who read your books, and understand something of the principle of manœuvres, there is no excuse for you, Sir; the manner in which you have commanded your half squadron this day, Sir, is shameful—disgraceful. I am convinced, Sir, that you have done so intentionally, and on purpose to annoy me."

Pierce was about to protest against such an inference being drawn from the mistakes which he had committed; but his protest was interrupted, *ab initio*, by the Major peremptorily commanding, "No reply, Sir; I want no explanation; the facts are sufficient. Fall in, Sir—fall in, gentlemen. Depend upon it, I shall know how to treat a repetition of this conduct."

Poor Pierce, unjustly accused, and denied explanation, fell into his place in a state of high indignation. He knew well that no officer in the regiment had paid more attention, both to the theory and practice of tactics, than he had; that no one of them had studied the complicated system of Dundas to the same extent as himself; and that few, if any, in the whole army, possessed such sincere zeal in the performance of his duty. The excitement of his feelings, therefore, cannot be considered as uncalled for, nor will our hero, perhaps, be much censured for a secret determination, which he then made, to resent fully the slight which had been so publicly put upon him, and never to give the major true cause for animadverting on his conduct.

This feeling completely restored the collectedness of the cornet's mind, and he accompanied the troops back to the barracks, without once exhibiting an instance of mental abstraction.

Returned to his room, however, after the fatigues of the day, his indignation against the major, was quickly superseded by the recurrence of those feelings which had been produced by Mrs. Butler's letter.

"Methold dismissed!" said he; "Susan not going to be married! then there is some hope—but she loves him, for she is in grief;" and he looked again at the important postscript, to ascertain the full value of the concluding expression. "Yes, Susan is in grief; him whom she loved is torn from her; her hopes of happiness are blasted; the object of all her gentle affection has been snatched from her embrace, at the moment when mutual love was matured, and future anticipations at their utmost height. And shall I disturb her sorrows? Shall I, unfeelingly, intrude my wishes upon that grief which I know well to be as deep as it is sincere? No; let me, at least, show her that I can respect and value the purity of her attachment, even though its object be destructive to my own happiness. And yet," he continued, "if this marriage is really broken off; if there be no chance whatever of its taking place, surely Susan would not think of fostering a hopeless passion." This thought again reanimated all his anticipations. "Oh! if she knew how I love, how I adore her," he cried, "how stedfastly, through sun and storm, I would cherish and protect her; how I would reflect back the placid joy of her angelic smile, when pleasure gave it birth; or, when grief oppressed her gentle heart, would clasp her to my breast, and soothe her untold sorrows with all my love!"

Thus felt the cornet, and thus he reasoned; and after a long train of similar thought and argument, he came, at length, to the decision of applying for leave

of absence, to go to Ireland, and endeavour to ascertain what effect the late proceedings at the Glebe were likely to produce upon his future happiness. A difficulty, however, presented itself to him in the execution of this design, for the present was the season of drilling and field-days, and, except in cases of the most urgent necessity, commanding officers were strictly enjoined not to forward any applications to the Horse Guards for leave of absence. The scenes of last night, also, and that of the morning, were not likely to strengthen his claims to the consideration of the major, and he felt strong doubts as to the possibility of accomplishing his object.

An attempt, however, he decided upon making; and where the result appeared so doubtful, it will not be considered extraordinary that he should depart from the regular course, and make his application to the major's lady, instead of the commanding officer himself. This plan he adopted, both from an unwillingness to risk any further ebullition of the major's wrath, and from a greater hope of success through that channel, founded upon a sort of nondescript tenderness which Mrs. Costiff had, from an early period, exhibited towards him.

Taking advantage, therefore, the following morning, of the major's absence in the town, where he had gone, soon after breakfast, for the purpose of buying groceries, and replenishing his medicine chest, the cornet took courage to venture within the green baize entrance, and knock at the field-officer's quarters.

"Come in," said a small moaning voice which the cornet knew to be that of Mrs. Costiff, when indisposed; the order was obeyed, and Pierce hid his self-accusing face in a profound bow.

To his surprise, however, the object of his hopes and fears advanced in the most friendly manner, and giving him her hand, requested he would be seated. This was encouraging, and our hero recovered his composure, and inquired after the lady's health.

"Indeed, Mr. Butler," she replied, "I am by no means well to day; the antimonial wine in the hospital is, I am certain, very bad; for although I took forty drops last night going to bed, it had not the least effect, and I woke this morning without being at all sensible of any sudorific sensation. But Major Costiff is gone into town to replenish our medicine chest, and I shall make another effort to night to get rid of this cold, which coming into barracks has, I suppose, brought on; but, indeed, it is very difficult for one to keep well in this barrack, for such noise and racketting I never heard. I am sure they were sweeping the stairs before day-light this morning, and knock, knock, with the end of the sweeping-brush—it went through my head as if I had been shot: then there's Captain Breakpeace, and his horrid horn, with other noises that I don't know what to make of. By the way, I think I heard your flute the other night, Mr. Butler."

This very nearly amounted to a direct question; and Pierce, after a little embarrassment, thought it would be as well at once to confess that he had made some unsuccessful efforts to play "Banna's Banks," on the night alluded to.

"Ah! you see I knew it," continued the lady, with much satisfaction at this proof of the excellence of her ear; "I delight in the flute, it is so very soft; but really that horn, and those dreadful things with which they were making such a frightful noise over our heads, the night before last, are quite intolerable. Really, Mr. Butler, I do assure you, that both Major Costiff and myself were kept awake for the entire night; and the headache which I then got, has not yet left me."

Pierce, finding that "Banna's Banks" proved such a protection to him, now felt more confident as to the probable result of his visit; and, after cordially coinciding in Mrs. Costiff's abuse of the horn and its noisy accompaniments, and sympathizing in her various ail-

ments and affections, he ventured to hint his wish of procuring a short leave of absence, and his unwillingness to apply to the major, in consequence of what had occurred at the field-day.

The lady declared that she was unaware of any unfavourable opinion that Major Costiff might have respecting the cornet; "who," she added, significantly, and looking Pierce full in the face, "was always, of hers, at least, a great favourite. The major," she said, "kept all regimental business to himself, and never acquainted her with any of his piques, or plans on that subject;" however, she would endeavour to do away with any unfavourable impression which might have been formed, and promised him all her interest with the major.

Pierce, therefore, took his leave, with every prospect of success, which was still further strengthened by another affectionate glance, and friendly shake of the hand.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO BALLYBUTLER.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I'll rest.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE expectations which the cornet felt on taking leave of Mrs. Costiff, were not disappointed. An application for two months' leave of absence, on "urgent private affairs," was made out, and forwarded, support-

ed by a strong recommendation from the lieutenant-colonel, and, in due course, the permission from the Horse-Guards arrived.

Pierce lost no time in taking advantage of the indulgence, and leaving Birmingham the evening of the day on which his leave of absence arrived, reached Bristol just in time to take the packet for Cork. The weather was delightful, and wind fair, and in less than thirty-six hours from the time of his embarkation, Pierce found himself and portmanteau in a jingle, on the road to Ballybutler. Having given his mother some idea to expect a visit from him, his appearance was not altogether unlooked-for, and he met the usual kind and affectionate welcome from all at home.

In addition to his father and mother, the party at Ballybutler consisted of his next brother, Clones, who, as has been stated, followed the mercantile business of his father; and the youngest, Redmond, who had just returned from eating his way to the bar, at the king's inns, in Dublin.

The characters and appearance of these two youths were strongly contrasted. Redmond was small, pale, and delicately formed; Clones, was tall, high-coloured, and muscular. An air of embarrassed sensibility pervaded the manner and conversation of the former; extreme confidence and self-possession that of the latter. Redmond, from a too humble estimate of his own powers, shrunk from a due exertion of them; whereas Clones never considered any thing too difficult for him to accomplish, and, with very moderate abilities, would fearlessly engage in the discussion of any subject, and enforce his opinion with the most dogmatical assertion. He had also an unbounded passion for bargain-making, or, as it is called in Ireland, huxtering, and to accomplish a cheap purchase would devote much time and labour. Redmond's character and disposition, assimilating so much with those of Pierce, he became naturally our hero's favourite, and the warmth which both

exhibited, on meeting after the shortest absence, proved the union and attachment which existed between them.

The first greetings being over, Pierce adjourned to Redmond's room, to dress for dinner, and there took occasion to make minute inquiries as to the state of affairs at the Glebe; this he did with the less restraint, as Redmond was already aware of his brother's long existing attachment in a certain quarter, and with all his natural warmth of feeling, sincerely sympathized in the cornet's sufferings.

Mrs. Lovett and her daughters, he was informed, had gone on a visit to a relative of hers in the county of Limerick, immediately after the marriage had been broken off, and had left the rector to take care of the Glebe and his parishioners by himself. They were to remain, it was reported, until Susan had quite recovered from the effects of her late disappointment, "which period," added Redmond, "Mrs. Lovett, no doubt, calculates with mathematical certainty."

"And Methold," inquired Pierce, "what's become of him?"

"Oh! his regiment has been ordered to Gibraltar, and I dare say he is just now preparing to embark at Cove, on board a transport."

"Poor Susan!" said Pierce; "thus is thy love rewarded—thus are the dearest ties of thy affection broken, by the sordid artifices of an unfeeling mother."

The brothers descended to the dining-room, the cornet being warmly welcomed in his way thither by the old servants, who, according to the old Ballybutler custom, were drawn up in line at the entrance. "Welcome home, Master Pierce! Your honour's welcome, Sir!" resounded throughout the line; and the cornet, after shaking hands with those whose age and service warranted the freedom, was glad to transfer his attentions to the smoking salmon which graced the head of the table.

"There, my boy," said his father, as the butler raised

the cover, and exposed to view the noble fish; "do you get these sort of rations at Birmingham? Come, let me see whether you can carve it, and don't forget to give me some of the fried potatoes."

Pierce cheerfully obeyed, and taking Mrs. Butler's place at the head of the table, while she and his father took their seats on either side, he proceeded to dispense the curdy flakes.

The salmon was succeeded by a roast turkey of home feeding, and Pierce felt well disposed to do equal justice to both dishes, with which, it must be allowed, his situation of carver not a little interfered. However, by the assistance of some haricot-mutton at the bottom, and a gooseberry pudding which accompanied the second course, he was enabled to make amends for his previous abstinence in the packet.

Dinner being ended, and the young men congregated around the claret bottle, Pierce underwent a long and varied succession of inquiries from the two brothers, respecting his march through England, and the manners and customs of that country, as contrasted with those of the county of Cork; and while the enthusiastic cornet dilated on the whitewashed cottages, clipped hedges, and universal comfort of the English, Mr. Butler sighed in silent acquiescence of facts, of the truth of which he was truly sensible.

"And do the labourers really all eat meat?" said Clones; "why, it must be very cheap. Now, what's the price of mutton at Birmingham, Pierce?"

The cornet professed utter ignorance of the Birmingham markets, and stated, "that the mess-men always managed those sort of things, without troubling the officers."

"I dare say he troubles you with the bill, though," said the young merchant; "I should like to know what it cost you a week, at the mess, on an average. I'll be bound, something considerable."

"Really, Clones, I never 'struck the average,'" re-

plied the cornet; "my arithmetical calculations have been very limited since I began soldiering; so long as I can carry on the war without exceeding my father's allowance, I am perfectly satisfied."

"Most extraordinary," muttered Clones, at the same time throwing up his head with great contempt at the cornet's ignorance on such important matters; "but," added he, aloud, "these officers have no idea of the value of money."

"You would not say that if you knew our senior major," said Pierce. "I would back him against you any day, for driving a bargain."

"Ha! no doubt he is a sensible man," replied the other, "and knows the world;" thus modestly including the major and himself in the same compliment.

"Come boys, finish the bottle," said Mr. Butler. "I'll warrant you'll all know how to take care of the pence by and by. When I was lieutenant and adjutant of the 3d Buffs, I thought as little of money as Pierce does, and used to drink my wine and see my friends as well as the best of them. To be sure, port was then only 1s. 10d. a bottle, and we messed for 11s. 1d. a week, beer and supper included; but an ensign had not more than four guineas a month, nine pounds being kept back for funeral expenses; and yet they gave parties—capital parties. I remember a married ensign of ours, named Diddler, who had nothing but his pay, and gave the best parties in Dublin barracks."

"What sort of parties were those, father?" asked the cornet.

"Why, evening parties to be sure, with punch, real, well-made whiskey-punch, and no economy of it either—ha, ha, ha. How do you think I gave the punch to them, Pierce?"

"Very strong, no doubt, father."

"No, no, that's not what I mean; but in what sort of vessel do you think I gave it to them?"

"Oh, in a soup-tureen, perhaps."

"Ha, ha, that's not a bad idea; but you haven't hit it, Pierce. Ha, ha, you never would guess—I made the punch in a bucket."

"A bucket!" exclaimed the cornet; "do you mean a regular stable bucket?"

"Pish! you dragoons are always thinking about stables; I know not whether it was a stable bucket, or a house bucket: but this I know, that the punch was made and served up in a bucket, and capital punch it was."

"Well, and did they finish it, father?" inquired the cornet.

"Ah, there's the best of the story—they were all in high good humour with the punch, and drank away like fishes; the colonel, above all others, seemed to enjoy the conceit of the bucket; but after many of the officers had retired, and others fallen under the table, I found myself at last left with old Carbuncle, the surgeon, who was the only one able to sit up in his chair. Old Car, as we used to call him, was a six-bottle man, a sort of fellow that would sit with every body's friend at the mess, and go home sober at six in the morning. However, my bucket conquered him, for he worked hard, and could not finish it; I suppose the fellow was full up to the throat. Well, old Car was in such a rage at not being able to see the bottom of the bucket, that he seized a candle, and sticking the lighted end into the punch, swore that as he could not finish it, nobody else should do so. Ha, ha—it always makes me laugh when I think of the bucket—ha, ha."

The boys, as old Butler called his sons, joined heartily in the laugh, and the keys being delivered to Clones to lock up the wine, or rather the decanters, the remainder of the party adjourned to the drawing-room.

Notwithstanding the joy which the presence of our hero caused throughout the family circle at Ballybutler, and the pleasure which he himself experienced at finding them all so well and happy, there was yet an arti-

ficial gayety, and an evident abstraction of thought occasionally visible in his manner, which did not escape the notice of his affectionate mother. Mr. Butler and Clones certainly remarked that he was inexcusably careless at the whist-table: and the latter, with some degree of irritation, declared, "that Pierce did not seem to care whether he won or lost;" but none save Redmond knew the cause of this change; and although Mrs. Butler longed to inquire, yet she would not risk the probability of giving him pain, by an attempt to relieve her anxiety, when the rest of the family were present.

When, however, Mr. Butler had retired for the night, and Clones, after snoring for half an hour in his chair, had at length lighted his bed-candle, she no longer restrained the expression of her anxious wishes to be informed of the cause of the evident depression of spirits under which our hero laboured.

Pierce had already determined in his own mind on taking the first opportunity of laying the whole state of his feelings before his mother, and felt quite relieved at the opening which was thus afforded him; signifying, therefore, to Redmond that he would be glad of a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Butler, the young lawyer also left the room, and gave Pierce every advantage of disclosing his griefs.

The cornet began,

"Even from his boyish days;"

told how he had admired, and liked, and—loved; how, fearful of his father's objections, and unwilling to add to the annoyance which his change of profession had caused him, he had never before mentioned the subject; how the uncertainty as to his father's sentiments and hers had checked the expression of his feelings towards Susan, and prevented him, up to the last moment of his departure to join the regiment, from making any avowal of his sentiments.

Then came the story of the ring and the parting look, and the deceitful imagery of his own sanguine imagination, which, beguiling him with hope, had, until the announcement of her intended marriage with Methold, led him to believe that Susan's feelings towards him, if not quite so ardent as he wished, were still sufficiently favourable to found anticipations of his future happiness. These again, he said, were blasted on that eventful evening when his parting present was returned to him, and though he never could entirely drive from his memory the object of his long-cherished affection, yet that, from that time, he had ceased to encourage any hope of his wishes being ever realized, until the last letter, which he received from his mother, at Birmingham, again revived all his former feelings and expectations.

Mrs. Butler heard the confession of her son and sighed. The wife which she had selected for Pierce, and the happiness of whose union with him she would often picture to herself during his absence, was Geraldine Massey; this was a match which she considered as every way desirable, both as regarded fortune and connexion; whereas the Lovetts were deficient in both; and although she could not deny the gentle attractions, and amiable disposition of Susan, yet, as a matter of prudence and respectability, Mrs. Butler was strongly of opinion that Geraldine Massey would have made a better wife for the cornet.

It was not, therefore, without feelings of considerable disappointment and regret, that Mrs. Butler heard the unequivocal declaration of her son, which was followed by his earnest entreaty for her advice and assistance in the accomplishment of his wishes. His father, Pierce was well aware, would strongly disapprove of his forming such a connexion, and he, therefore, entreated his mother's mediation, as his only means of obtaining Mr. Butler's sanction. Mrs. Butler was too fond of her son to think of urging him into a marriage

to which his feelings were so much opposed; and, much as her own intentions had been defeated, she at once decided upon no longer persevering in them; but as Pierce's feelings were evidently strongly and deeply engaged in the object of his affections, promised all her assistance.

It was first decided, as a preliminary measure, that the subject should be mentioned to Mr. Butler, and that in case of his being prevailed upon to give his consent, Pierce should next ascertain the state of the young lady's feelings, and then address Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, objections from whom were not anticipated.

The cornet retired to bed with a light heart; his confession had relieved him from much pain, and he felt great confidence in the exertions which his mother promised.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, Pierce was summoned to attend his father in the study, and, in fear and trembling as to the result, heard the following declaration of his sentiments on the subject of the cornet's anxiety.

"So you want a wife, Pierce? Well, I think a subaltern's baggage is heavy enough without any addition. Why, you'll have a carful of children by the time you're a captain. When I was lieutenant and adjutant of the 3d Buffs, I never thought of marrying; Diddler was the only married sub. in the regiment. He gave parties to be sure, as I told you last night; but then he never had one sixpence to rub against another; and his barrack-room was like a foundling hospital, only not half so clean or comfortable. Well, you're old enough to judge for yourself, but it's my business to tell you what you will have to live on—you know there are others to be provided for besides you, and my money is all sunk in the counting-house—can't take it out of that—times may change you know—must keep a reserve in case of a siege—it wouldn't do for me to make you independent, and leave others in want."

"Certainly not, father," said the cornet, who was agreeably surprised at the way in which Mr. Butler had received the subject; "nothing was farther from my thoughts than such an expectation. I seek for no provision that would injure the interest of my brothers, and I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I could not feel any satisfaction in an independence which would destroy that of Redmond and Clones."

"I do believe it, my boy; and, therefore, I shall at once tell you what it is in my power consistently to do, with regard to money matters. You have now an allowance of three hundred pounds per annum; I have no objection to make that five hundred pounds in the event of your marrying; that is to say, five hundred pounds during my life, for you will, of course, eventually receive your proportion of all the property which I shall leave, and then this allowance will be replaced by that sum whatever it be. Trade is too uncertain for me to say what your fortune will eventually amount to; but this much I may say, that unless something very extraordinary and unexpected happens, you will have, at least, twice five hundred pounds per annum; so now you know as much as I do about it, and take your own road, my boy. I know there is no use arguing with people in love; and if I were to tell you that you were too poor to marry a woman without money, (for the rector, I am sure, cannot give his daughter any thing worth talking about,) and ought to be too proud to marry one of low connexion—why, if I were to tell you that, you wouldn't believe me; so, go your way, my boy. I hope you are right, and will prove it by being happy."

Pierce was so much overpowered by his feelings, that he left the room without making any reply. He saw, evidently, that his projected marriage was not agreeable to his father, and that the kind old man had sacrificed his own feelings and judgment to contribute to the happiness of his son.

These were not encouraging auspices to proceed under; but Pierce, still looking to the bright side of futurity, felt confident that his father's want of interest for Susan proceeded from his want of knowledge of her character, and that, when once well known to him, she would create in his mind an admiration for her merits, proportionate to what he felt himself.

The plan of operation was now to be laid down, and on this subject he conferred immediately with Mrs. Butler, who, having given up all hope of seeing her own wishes accomplished with regard to Geraldine Massey, now cheerfully lent her assistance to the obtaining of Susan Lovett.

After much speculation and deliberation, it was agreed to, as most advisable, that the cornet should wait the return of the fair Susan to the Glebe, and then personally ascertain his chance of success.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BALLINTEMPLE CORPORATION.

Long life to the king, whom we all love and venerate,
Sure 'tis a very fine thing to centenarate;
'Tis that joyous event we've met here to commemorate,
So success to our own corporation at any rate!

TOLEKEN'S *Charter Song.*

To beguile the tedious and anxious time until the return of Susan to the Glebe, Pierce determined on making a round of visits in the neighbourhood of Ballybutler. The morning after this resolution was formed, he mounted his horse, and an hour and a half's ride brought him to the avenue of Mr. Oldenham, just at breakfast-time.

Mr. Oldenham was a banker in Cork, and possessed a pretty villa, distant little more than a mile from the city. It was situated on the declivity of the steep hill which runs along the northern bank of the river Lee, and was delightfully sheltered by the rich wood which towered above it. The house, built upon a natural terrace, commanded an extensive view of the windings of the river from Cork to the boat-building town of Passage. The opposite shore to that on which Mr. Oldenham's villa stood, was formed by the peninsula of Blackrock, terminated by the picturesque ruins of an ancient castle, erected by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, in the stormy times of Elizabeth, as a defence to the river, which, from this point, spread out into a wide reach called Lough Mahon. The peninsula of Blackrock was flat, and appeared studded with the neat country seats of the citizens—their white walls and palings peeping through trimly cut trees and shrubs. It contained two inconsiderable villages, one of which was named Ballintemple; and the peninsula lay with the broad course of the river, which now glittered in the morning sun-beams, outstretched in map-like view beneath the windows of Mr. Oldenham's breakfast-parlour.

"Who can this be?" said the banker, to his fair daughter, as he advanced to the open window; "here's a smart young fellow riding up the avenue—something of the military cut—who can it be?—do look, Mary."

Miss Oldenham put down the tea-pot, and rising from the breakfast-table, went to the window.

"Well, Mary?" said Mr. Oldenham.

"Your new telescope is in the room, Pa," replied the gentle Mary, archly; "but la, Pa! can't you see that it is Mr. Pierce Butler? You know he got a commission in the dragoons—and you know—"

"Know! how should I know any thing about the matter, Mary? But now I see; it is Pierce, sure

enough! Bless the boy! Butter, beef, and pork, firkins, tierces, and barrels, turned into a spurred Spanish don whiskerandos. Well—well, here he is."

Mary was silent; and as the cornet, who had arrived in front of the house, conscious of his skill in horsemanship, struck the rowel of his spur into the side of his bounding steed, that he might curb him in with better effect before the door, she quietly resumed her place at the breakfast-table, and commenced adding some more tea to the pot.

"You're right, my girl," said her father, turning round sharply; "quite right, by my word, 'tis little Pierce Butler that was, sure enough. What a great fellow he has grown! Ay, ay," he continued, observing the additional spoonsful of tea which his daughter added to the pot, "Ay, ay, Mary; you're quite right too, in your theory of political economy—the demand should always create the supply—that's the true principle: ring the bell for John to take the hero's steed round to the stable. Young Butler," said Mr. Oldenham, advancing from the window, which opened on the lawn, "I'm glad to see you, Sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Oldenham—thank you," replied the cornet, as he dismounted, and then shook the worthy banker warmly by the hand.

"What," said Mr. Oldenham, in his candid way of speaking; "What, Butler! made a fool of yourself and turned soldier?"

Pierce was too well acquainted with the banker's peculiarities to feel offended at this address, and replied by the simple monosyllable of "Sir," emphatically pronounced. He was, however, soon relieved from the embarrassment by Mr. Oldenham, who thus continued,

"Sir,—ay, Sir Knight, I marvelled much what strange animal, whiskered, booted, and spurred, was curvetting up my avenue; and your old dancing-school friend, my daughter Mary, advised me to try

my new telescope to define the appearance; but breakfast waits."

The cornet now turned to the blushing tea-maker, and after a cordial greeting, took a seat beside her, and commenced an attack upon the well-spread board.

Mr. Ude, the autocrat of cookery, informs us that a breakfast in town is little worth attending to; but that in the country, "all is different." And so indeed it would seem from the persevering attention which Pierce paid to the repast. Although Mr. Oldenham's table could not boast the kidneys *à la brochette*, larks *à la minute*, the brawn, the potted grouse, &c. recommended by the autocrat, nevertheless the cornet did ample justice to the eggs, the household bread, and the excellent coffee of his worthy host.

While Pierce was occupied in cracking the dome of his fourth egg, his attention was aroused from the piece of burglary he was about to commit, by seeing Mr. Oldenham start up from the table, and exclaim in an angry tone, "Mary—Mary, that villanous cat; I told you so; I knew I should have my telescope destroyed."

Mary gave a glance at the cornet, who elevated his eyebrows in token of his intelligence; but the banker seeing that his beloved telescope was nearly upset, sprung forward, and seized it just before it fell to the ground.

"Ha, young Butler," said he, "I would not for a hundred pounds—no, not for your commission, lose this telescope, the speculum of which I have myself polished upon a new principle. You shall try it; let me find the focus—ay, there it is—but hey-dey, what have we here? boats, boats, boats—twelve—fourteen—eighteen—twenty—twenty-four—fifty, I verily believe! And what dresses! And eh! what the devil is there? an elephant, a hippopotamus, or a whale broke loose—take the glass, young Butler."

The cornet, who had listened, cup in hand, to the

banker's exclamations, now advanced to the telescope, and placed his orb of vision to the glass.

"I cannot make it out, Sir," said the cornet; "there certainly is a vast number of boats, and a crowd of people—some of them in strange dresses; and I am pretty sure an elephant—"

"As to the elephant," said Mr. Oldenham, "there can be no doubt, except that never stood an elephant so motionless. I wonder what this piece of mummery can mean."

"La, pa!" said his daughter, addressing her father, with her customary exclamation, "you are always wondering; why the boats and the crowd are the Ballintemple corporation, to be sure; and the elephant is the stuffed elephant of the Apollo Society, as Pierce must recollect. There's all about it in the newspaper—"

"What, the Southern Reporter? where, Mary—oh, I see it,"—and Mr. Oldenham read aloud—

"GRAND CENTENARY JUBILEE OF BALLINTEMPLE.

"*Cead meal au failte.*

"At an august and solemn assembly of the mayor, sheriff, recorder, common-talker, and commons general, of Ballintemple, incorporated in the spring, previous to the year ONE, by Cormack Mac Shane Mac Dermod Mac Finneen O'Fun, king of the Firbullugs, in awful council assembled,

"It is ordered, that this ancient body shall, on the first of August, old style, latterly computed the twefth of August, new style, according to the custom laid down in the formulary for the centenarious celebration of great events, solemnize the real centeniversary of the auspicious day on which the House of Brunswick extended its protecting principles over these islands.

"The members of the body corporate are therefore

to assemble at ten o'clock, in high regalia and paraphernalia, gowns, wigs, hoods, maces, and other outward signs of wisdom and jurisprudence; and after proceeding in antique form and magisterial dignity, with music, banners, streamers, &c. caused to be recognized their jurisdiction over the slabs, fens, moors, marches, estuaries, brickeries, fisheries, flukeries, cockleries, dabsands, flounderbanks, and periwinkle beds, in and out of the river Luvius, hodie, Lee, and all the bays, gulfs, creeks, channels, inlets, and outlets, thereunto belonging or appertaining, and then feast as becometh, in the great hall of the corporation. And all those abroad or beyond the seas, or otherwise prevented from a due obedience to this proclamation, are, on pain of disfranchisement, to send their attested letters of incapacity, as of old established.

"Done in full council at the Council-hall, this twelfth day of July, in the year of safety, 1814, and of the corporation, 5819.

"TIMOTHY BRUSNEHAUNE,
"*Town-Clerk.*"

"Stuff,—nonsense,—Tom-foolery," muttered the banker; "I now see what it's all about. And there, there's more of it; firing—bang—bang—bang. I now see what it's all about."

"And pray, Sir, what may it be?" inquired the cornet.

"Tom-foolery—Tom-foolery—all damned Tom-foolery. Why its a burlesque on the ancient corporation of this city, chartered *tempore Henrici Secundi*—that's what it is, young Butler. A most disrespectful piece of Tom-foolery; and to be practised, too, under the very nose of a magistrate like myself, when they knew I could see all their absurd movements."

"With your new telescope, pa!" said Mary.

"The fact is, young Butler, my boy, as you very well know, the corporation of Cork have, time out of

mind, always celebrated the first of August by proceeding down the river in solemn assembly, the mayor being admiral of the harbour, and thereunto appointed by various charters. It's an ancient custom, you know, and ought not to be ridiculed by a parcel of play-acting, song-writing, punch-bibbing buffoons. I am a magistrate, and am determined to uphold, by every legal means in my power, the dignity of the corporation of our city."

Here the magisterial harangue was interrupted by the announcement of Captain Dixon.

"Captain Dixon," said Mr. Oldenham, "your advice and assistance, at this juncture, will be of the utmost importance to me. I am about to act in my official capacity. An insult of the grossest nature is being offered to the corporation of the city of Cork, by a pack of ruffianly, peace-breaking blackguards—armed, Sir—armed, and protected by cannon. Do you hear, Sir? bang—bang—bang—there they go again. Look through this telescope, Sir, and see it with your own eyes."

"It is not necessary, Mr. Oldenham," said Captain Dixon, observing the direction in which the telescope was pointed, "I have but just left the river, having come up in my barge from Cove; and I think you cannot do better, if you anticipate any thing serious, than to accompany me. My boat is just under the house, and I have half a dozen smart hands, who will pull us along side of them in capital man-of-war style. As for their pop-guns, my lads wont care for such things, I promise you."

Mr. Oldenham readily assented, and Pierce expressing a wish to be included in the party, they descended to the shore, and embarked without loss of time.

CHAPTER VII.

BALLINTEMPLE CORPORATION.

(Continued.)

If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak, I find
By my inward stir——
Remonstratory Ode, by the Elephant of Exeter Change.
Ap. T. Hood.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tom-foolery. Huzza! huzza!
Rejected Addresses.

It was a glorious August morning; gun after gun reverberated in quick succession along the shores of the Lee, as the merry corporation of Ballintemple sallied forth, each member equipped in costume appropriate to his dignity. Croker Barrington, arrayed in robes of Tyrian hue, headed the august procession, mace in hand, manufactured by the renowned George Keybourn of South Main Street. The mace-bearer was followed by a motley train of burgesses, some with helm on head and battle-axe on shoulder, others with Spanish cloak, and waving plume—others again in full court dress, with lace ruffles and sword—others in the ponderous boots, square bottomed coat, three-cornered hat, and well curled periwig of former days—here an hussar, with a prodigious display of whiskers—there a jolly tar, with blue jacket, long cue, and loose trowsers. In short, the whole wardrobe and properties of the Apollo Society had been put into requisition.

The burgesses were followed by little George Gob-

let, the mayor, a highly respectable personage, whose statue did not materially exceed four feet and a half; yet there was an air of conscious loftiness in every step and look, as the diminutive mayor strutted with all the pride of a bantam, surrounded by sergeants-at-arms, ushers of the black rod, and various other officers of state.

And next in order,
Came the recorder,

an imp of sallow hue, and wrinkled visage, clad in well worn robes of rusty black, with ponderous wig, descending in ample curls, as may be judged, when it is stated that it once adorned the head and shoulders of his Utopian majesty, Artaxominous. The procession was closed by a numerous body of common-council men; while the sheriffs, with their cocked hats, white wands, and massive chains, from which depended well gilt gingerbread medals, struck in honour of the occasion, at the mint of Mr. Confectioner Boland, brought up the rear.

It may well be supposed that such a procession as we have described, attended by the bands of two of the regiments quartered in Cork, and whose movements were announced by salutes from the batteries of Blackrock Castle, and Croker Barrington's Folly, could not move unattended by spectators to the King's Quay, their place of embarkation; and it may safely be asserted that every cabin of Ballintemple and Dundaniel sent forth its inmates to gaze upon so gallant a show, and to increase its triumphs, by acclamations loud and long.

"Oh, yea," said old Moll Scannell, who had lived in the castle of Blackrock for the last forty years. "Oh, yea, and 'tis that little bit of a man, Georgy Goblet, that they calls the mayor, my dear. Wisha then, 'tis quare times, and there's Croker Barrington out before them, with the lump of a great tin ladle in his hand, and sure 'tis easy knowing why he was so 'cute upon

the poor boys mending the road, my dear, yesterday, to have it all clean out of hand this morning, early, and wouldn't give them time to eat their bit of victuals—God help the creatures! And there's big Dinny—oh, yea—and Misther Jameison, Misther Magrah, with the sword in his hand, and Harry Bennett, good luck to him any how, 'twas last Sunday he threw me a tinpenny —and Mr. Kearns, long life and an easy death to him —and Lauveen Hobbs, God help us!—the poor lone widow—and there's that great unnatural beast in the big mud boat there, that they calls an elegant, and that has a snout as long as pig's body, wagging this way and that way, and 'tis riding upon it, they are going to put Tom Barret, the piper—well 'tis an easy seat I wish Tom, any how—and there's Toleken and Aikenhead, with the yallow boots, and Millikin—and oh, there's clearly all Cork there, barring Sir Davy himself; but sure 'tis easy to know why he's not there, seeing 'tis jealous he is of little Georgy Goblet. Hoh! there's another shot."

Such was the widow Scannell's soliloquy on beholding the gaudy corporation embark, under another salute from the batteries, and a heart-stirring roar of delight from the crowd assembled on the shore.

"By the powers, Dick Millikin—I'll be drowned if you don't put your stern into the bow of the boat, and bring her by the head," roared the mayor, as the crowded skiff, in which his worship occupied the post of honour, was rowed towards the state barge of the corporation.

"Right worshipful," replied Millikin, "you have heard of

> Bryan O'Lynn, with his wife and wife's mother,
> Who all went over the bridge together;
> But the bridge broke down, and they all fell in,
> We'll get to the bottom said Bryan O'Lynn.

Why, Goblet, my old boy, there's not six feet water between the shore and Andy Hennessy's mud barge."

"Six feet," echoed the mayor, "'tis well enough for you to talk in this way, but what the devil would I do in six feet water, Mr. Burgess?"

"Shall I help your worship up the side," said Millikin; "they have forgot the accommodation ladder," and without waiting for reply, he seized hold of the mayor, and handed him up in safety to the grasp of Jerry Leary, a stout brick-maker, who without much exertion, soon placed him firmly upon his feet, on the quarter deck of the state-barge. A loud shout of laughter from the shore, and the surrounding boats, followed the performance of this feat.

"Well, thank goodness," said little Goblet, pecking up his head like a cock-sparrow, and nothing disconcerted at the proceeding, or the halloos and huzzas of which it was productive, "thank goodness, I'm safely *landed* at last!—and now, boys, as soon as you get into something like order, I'll give the word. The seven four-oared boats, you see, are to follow the state barge—the band of the Cork militia to be in one of them—let a banner be placed in the head of each. Steady there—the six-oared gig with the mace-bearer, is to go a-head, with the other band in the bow, and the wherries are to keep off the crowd of boats. Let Mr. O'Brien be admiral of the fleet. Do you hear me, Mic," said the mayor, raising his voice. "Here, Moylan, throw him this gold-laced cocked hat, and gingerbread medal. And now, are you all ready? Let Maurice Cogan go into the elephant; and mind, Maurice, for your life, keep the proboscis and tail moving, fore and aft, Maurice.—Is all ready?"

"Faith then, Mr. Goblet, that's easier said than done," said Jerry Leary, "sure, there's Tom Barrett, the piper, isn't he as drunk as Barcus, in Mrs. Rockey's tap-room, and sure, I knew how 'twould be with him this morning. Who in the wide world will we put on his currigub sitting up on the elephant? Here's Tom Barrett's pipes, any way."

"Come here, Tim Sullivan," said Millikin, "can you play the bagpipes?"

"Indeed then myself can't tell that same rightly," replied Tim, scratching his head, "and to spake the truth, I don't know, for I never tried."

"Well then, you shall try now," said Millikin, "up with you on the elephant's back, sit down cross-legged there, under the red and gold tester, my boy—here's the pipes, put the bag under arm, fasten it with that strap, and blow away like a broken winded horse. There's grand music for you, Mister Mayor. Who cares for Tom Barrett now?"

"What are you about, Cogan?" said the mayor, "why don't you keep the proboscis and the tail moving together?"

Cogan replied in a hollow voice of despair from the interior of the elephant,

"By Gob, Goblet, this will never do; I'm fairly bothered from head to the tail—I must have some one to help me—the strings are too short, entirely, and I'm in a regular stew, crammed up here."

"Well, well," replied his worship, "just stay where you are, Maurice, and never mind it; you shall have some one directly."

These important arrangements completed, a signal was given from the state barge for the aquatic procession to move forward. The bands struck up "Bob and Joan," all the palthogue* notes of which were given with due effect upon the trombones and great drums.

The boats glided along the glassy surface of the Lee, towards Cork: towering pre-eminent above the rest, was seen the elephantine barge, once destined to the ignoble purpose of receiving mud for Dundaniel brick-yard, now exalted into the state galley of the most ancient of corporations.

"By the piper of Blessingtown" cried Mic O'Brien

* Thumping.

pulling alongside the state barge, in all haste, "if here's not another Admirable coming towards us—and faith, I believe 'tis the real Admirable Sawyer himself, from Cove, for he has the two gold epelepses on his shoulders; and sure I'd know the regular man of war's stroke a mile off."

"'Tis too true to put in a ballot, your worship," said Millikin, "and as sure as my eyes are not fellows, 'tis that old humbug Oldenham is with the admiral. But stop, it is not the admiral. Faith, 'tis my worthy friend, Dixon, of the Lizard, and devil a better fellow ever stepped a quarter-deck, in or out of shoe-leather. Give me the speaking-trumpet."

"Hilloa—hoa—a hoy—boat!"

Captain Dixon, who steered the Lizard's barge, stood up, and putting his hands to his mouth, returned the salute with a lusty "ay, ay."

"Dixon," said Millikin, through the trumpet, "in the name of his worship the mayor, I hail thee, and good Master Oldenham, and the man with the mustachios, whom I know not, and invite you all severally and collectively to dine with us, the ancient corporation of Ballintemple, in our town hall—*horâ quintâ post meridiem.*"

To this address, delivered with the voice of a stentor, Captain Dixon replied, by requesting that a rope might be thrown to him. "I told you," said he, turning to Mr. Oldenham, "that it's all a good-humoured piece of business, and I have no doubt 'twill be a devilish merry dinner. There's not a pleasanter fellow any where than Millikin—what say you?"

The banker shook his head; but it was evident, from the expression of his countenance, that his magisterial scruples were fast giving way before the arguments which Captain Dixon had used on their passage. And when Pierce urged the necessity of his accepting the invitation, on the ground of being present, should any "untoward event" occur, he suffered a half consent to escape him.

"Here, Dixon, lend us a hand," said Millikin, "or we shall never be able to reach the New Bridge; it's now dead water, and the tide will be against us in a quarter of an hour, so take the rope ahead, and give us a tow."

Captain Dixon did as requested, and the barge of his majesty's sloop Lizard, now led on the triumphal procession of the Ballintemple corporation.

The cornet, who had enjoyed, with infinite zest, the change in the opinions of the worthy magistrate, as well as the burlesque scene in which he had now become an actor, determined to have *his* share of the fun; and therefore ventured to suggest to Mr. Oldenham, with a face of assumed gravity, although a sly wink of his left eye was unquestionably perceptible to Captain Dixon, "that his plain black coat, and round hat, rendered him a little conspicuous, where every body was so gayly and fantastically attired; and he would propose, as an amendment, that the sleeves of his coat should be turned inside out, so as to make manifest their white linings, and remove from him any objectionable air of singularity."

Dixon could scarcely refrain from bursting into a horse-laugh at the cornet's impudent proposal; but Mr. Oldenham, whose faculties seemed slightly obfuscated, to the no small astonishment of the captain, willingly consented; and, stripping off his coat, proceeded to adopt the arrangement suggested by the cornet.

Dixon, seeing, like a good sailor, which way the wind lay, next submitted, that if a piece of red bunting was tied round the banker's hat, after the manner of a mourner's crape, it would be a decided improvement to his costume; and Pierce completed the farce, by insisting upon furnishing Mr. Oldenham with a pair of tar mustachios.

While they were occupied in carrying these arrangements into effect, the boat had passed under the centre arch of the New Bridge, and a loud and fearful crash, followed by a tremendous plunge, was heard.

"By G—d," said Dixon, starting up, "the elephant is overboard—cast off—damn your bloods—cast off!"

And so in truth it was. The stage upon which the unfortunate elephant was placed, had been erected at such an elevation, as to render it impossible that it could pass under the arch of the bridge. And the crews of the two boats ahead had been too much occupied in witnessing Mr. Oldenham's transformation to have observed a circumstance, so fraught with danger, until it was too late to prevent the disaster.

Crash, went the head and trunk of the elephant against the key-stone of the arch, with an impetus so sudden and overpowering, that the mock animal was forced back on its hinder legs, and rolling to leeward, with Maurice Cogan and assistant in the interior, and Tom Barrett's representative on the exterior, sent the mayor and Tolleken clean overboard. The consequent confusion may be easily imagined, nor was this all, for the tremendous check which the boats in tow received, brought them all into sudden contact, bang against each other, to the dismay and real danger of their respective crews; and when the two boats ahead pulled back to the assistance of the rear, such was the energy displayed on both sides, that the Lizard's barge was stove in against the butment; and Mr. Oldenham, who had risen from apprehension of the consequences, was also submerged. Our cornet, who had jested sufficiently with his friend, now thought it was time to play another part, and being as expert a swimmer as either Leander, Lord Byron, or Mr. Ekenhead, (indeed he had often floated from the King's Quay to Passage, a distance of five miles, as well as dived into Hellhole), fearlessly plunged into the water, and seizing the hapless banker by the bunting, succeeded in delivering his head into the safe custody of Dixon.

Meanwhile, the Old New Bridge seemed all alive; people had thronged from all quarters to be nearer spectators of the accident. The elephant, which was

formed of basket-work, covered with canvass, float like Leviathan, hugest monster of the deep, surrounded on all sides by the small craft, the persons in which endeavoured to keep it from sinking by the aid of oars, boat-hooks, and spars. Maurice Cogan, and his assistant, were not perfectly conscious of their precise situation, but having experienced the crash, and heard the prodigious splashing of the water, imagined that the barge, which they knew to be in an unsound state, had foundered altogether.

"It's all over with us—we're done for, and sold fairly," cried Cogan; "half a minute more and we'll be praying in heaven—like Jonah in the elephant's belly—can't you get out of that leg—I should like to have one kick for it anyhow."

"Sure I'm cutting it as fast as I can, Cogan," replied his deputy, and in his efforts to release his principle and himself, the balance of the elephant was lost—the leg sunk downwards with his weight—the body rolled over—and the water rushed through the aperture which he had made. It was at this moment that the grand effort was making for their safety, and the prisoners hearing the sound of the voices, and being sensible of the thumps on the outside, knew that friends were near, and as a signal of distress began to work with extraordinary vehemence at the strings connected with the machinery of the trunk and tail, to the great surprise and entertainment of the spectators on the bridge.

The cornet who had swam round through another arch, now volunteered his services to carry a rope under the elephant; and, in conformity, dived twice beneath it with the utmost success. Tom Deane then arranged for slinging up the elephant, by directing the rope to be carried over a lamp-post, on the bridge, which having been secured under the body, and round the neck, it was hoisted up according to the orders of that distinguished architect. Nothing could be more

amusing than its ascent; for the unconscious prisoners still continued their active exertions in the interior, producing most extraordinary and laughable flourishes from before and behind; and from their restlessness and perpetual motion, caused the body to sway strangely backwards and forwards, the ludicrous effect of which was increased by the water gushing in abundance from every extremity.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BANQUET.

Now the dinner's widely spread—
Mark the tail and mark the head;
Mark the turbot smoking hot,
Turbot in our harbour caught:
Fish, and flesh, and fowl in plenty—
Eat the victuals Nature sent ye!
MILLIKIN'S *Anniversary Ode.*

We shall not pause to describe the various courses of an excellent dinner, of which the most ancient of corporations partook. Suffice it to say, that if the corporation was mock, the turtle soup was not. The fish—but who will doubt the merits or variety of Cork harbour fish!—the superlative sirloin, the delicious spare-rib—the tender fillet—the beauteous breast—and the luxurious leg—but why, when every thing was good, should we pause to particularize?

Yet here it may be necessary, in compassion to our readers' natural curiosity and good nature, briefly to inform them, that the right worshipful the mayor was secured from a watery grave, by a landing net, which the philanthropic Cummings, observing the accident from his country-house window, had despatched to his

assistance. Alas, poor Goblet! he had filled himself so full of water, that he was incapacitated from the further fulfilment of his office, and was humanely put to bed, at the instance of the cornet, at Mr. Crawfield's house, on Merchant's Quay.

Toleken, being an excellent swimmer, supported himself with perfect composure, and was immediately picked up; but when the fall of the elephant precipitated Tom Barrett, the piper's representative, into the water, his rise was instantaneous, owing to the sustaining power of the wind in the bag of his pipes, which was firmly strapped under his arm. Rising, however, to the surface, he shook his head, but neglecting on the instant to continue the exertion of his elbow, sunk again. Another opportunity was soon afforded him, for speedily reappearing, and in furious desperation, he blew a blast so loud and shrill, that all eyes were directed towards his course down the river. Convinced of his principle of buoyancy, like that of the famous preacher, Mountjoy, he continued his progress, without further exertion than that of sending forth a succession of all the shrill and discordant notes the pipes were capable of producing. Whether or not his situation was so comic as to paralyze their efforts, or that the boatmen were really indifferent to his fate, certain it is, that they pulled to the poor piper's assistance in a most lethargic and indifferent manner, and heeded neither the wailings of his pipes, nor his vociferations for assistance, until he had actually cracked the bag which supported him, and sunk, in consequence, into the stream. He was then picked up with a boat-hook, more dead than alive.

But to resume—

The cloth was removed. Billy Kearns, the eldest alderman of the corporation, represented the mayor. He was seated on the banqueting board in a chair, placed at one end of the long table, with a small table before him, bearing a magnum of port, and a ditto of

claret, for his own private drinking. He was also provided with a lusty jug, for the manufacture of that beverage which delights the heart of every true Irishman, with the necessary accompaniments of sugar and lemons. Beneath him was seated Mr. Deputy Millikin, who had the charge of distributing a double allowance of magnums to the company, with jugs of punch, at discretion. A knocking on the upper table announced that the president was on his legs.

MR. DEPUTY MILLIKIN.

"Silence, gentlemen—the president proposes toast."

PRESIDENT.

"Our good old King—God bless him!"

MILLIKIN—(*through a speaking trumpet.*)

"Gentlemen—Our good old King, God bless him! Nine times nine, if you please. Take the time from me—hip, hip, hip, hurrah."

OMNES.

"Hip, hip, hip—hurrah!"

A universal knocking of knuckles, and clinking of glasses, followed this exhibition of loyalty. The national air was played by the band; and a royal salute fired from the guns of the castle. Several toasts followed—when silence was again particularly requested, and Millikin communicated the fact, that an important toast was about to be given.

PRESIDENT.

"Gentlemen—I am about to propose a toast, which I am sure will be listened to with the utmost attention, received with the highest enthusiasm, drunk with the national ardour, and crowned with the greatest ho-

nours by every member of the present company. This day is doubly dear to us, as the birth-day of our beloved prince, and the centenary of that which placed his illustrious family on the throne. (*Here the above speech resounded through Millikin's trumpet.*) And as, with grateful hearts, we, gentlemen, celebrate the centenary,"

(" *Centenary, Gentlemen,*" *roared Millikin.*)

" May our descendants celebrate the millenary."

OMNES.

" Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! !"

(*Another royal salute from the castle.*)

PRESIDENT.

" Gentlemen, charge your glasses—Prosperity, success, and long continuance to all corporations; and, above all, to our own corporation of Ballintemple."

Toast—" THE CORPORATION OF BALLINTEMPLE,"

(" *With twenty times twenty,*" *thundered Millikin, through the trumpet.*)

After the prodigious uproar occasioned by two hundred cheers, (which left half the company hoarse for a fortnight after,) had subsided, there followed an ode, to which every justice was done by the vocal powers of Messrs. Magrath, Gillespie, Moeran, Bertridge, &c.

Recitative.

From Time's dark volume ushered into light,
The charter of our ancient corporation
Appears confessed of legal right;
The gaze and wonder of the astonished nation.

Chorus.

Ballintemple corporation,
The gaze and wonder of the nation.

Song.

Beneath the cliffs that guard this ancient port,
Proud Lee, delighted, rolls his ample wave;
Hither his finny squadrons all resort,
And but in sadness Ballintemple leave.

Grand Chorus.

May our corporation see
Many an anniversary!

Recitative accompanied.

Now the dinner's widely spread—
Mark the tail and mark the head;
Mark the turbot smoking hot,
Turbot in our harbour caught;
Fish, and flesh, and fowl in plenty—
Eat the victuals Nature sent ye.

Chorus.

Fish, and flesh, and fowl in plenty—
Eat the victuals Nature sent ye!

Recitative.

Now disappears the cloth, and see the glass
From hand to hand in quick succession pass,
Till, sinking with excess, the weary throng
Recruit their flagging spirits with a song.

(Here the airs and recitative were agreeably jumbled together, the better to give an idea of that happy moment of magisterial uproar.)

Now rise the vocal thunder to the sky,
Let every mouth wide open stand,
And let the transient zephyrs, as they fly,
Waft the glad uproar through the gaping land,

Deep, and more solemn, let the catch go round,

(Here the cornet could not refrain from expressing his delight, by whispering to Captain Dixon—"This is admirable—a solemn catch: for it shows very forcibly, that solemnity which magistrates assume, even in their amusements."—"Hush, hush!" said Dixon.)

The mirth-exciting catch and jovial glee;
Let the deep bass be in the treble drowned,
And each by other all confounded be,

Oh, when that hour arrives, when round the board
Each alderman entranced in stupor sits,
With callipash and turbot richly stored,
And only talks, or seems to talk, by fits.

And some arch tale shall now and then be told,
And now a joke shall half the circle bore;
One shall some dark mysterious point unfold,
'Till all around applaud him with a snore!

Behold again the drowsy corporation
By slow degrees awake,
And now, and now, and now, and now,
A tenfold uproar make.

Another dozen call,
With lips as black as ink,
Till, one and all,
They blink and sink,
And sink and blink,
And bumpered to the gullet, down they fall.

Song.

So mountain vintners put delicious wine,
For want of hogsheads, in the skins of swine.

Recitative.

See where the devil comes,
Resume your seats again—
Hark! the crack'd corporation drums
Attempt to rouse the fuddled group in vain
Oh, fy! oh, fy! What will the world say?
That you are drunk, and doubtless well it may

Chorus of Snoring.

Recitative accompanied.

Now from his briny stables in the East,
Sol whips his dripping coursers to the sky,
And mild Aurora, deck'd in dewy pearls,
With blushing roses sweetens all the way.
Is this a time for sleep,
Behold, it is clear day!
In at the skylight corner Sol begins to peep;
Now, take your great coats all, and skulk away

Grand Chorus.

Huzza, huzza,

May every day
Like this begin,
Like this begin,
And fade away!

OMNES.

"Bravo, bravo—huzza, huzza, huzza!"

MILLIKIN.

"Gentlemen, before we proceed—(Have I your leave, Mr. President?")

OMNES.

"Hear, hear, hear!"

MILLIKIN.

"Before we proceed—we proceed (a-hem) to drink another toast, the glasses which have borne to our lips the wine drunk to our own corporation of Ballintemple must be destroyed—never again must they be filled to a toast less worthy. Gentlemen—you observe that marble chimney-piece at the end of the room; on the word being given, each man will dash his glass against it, and thus, in rivalry of the Venetians of old, prevent the possibility of after-pollution. Now, gentleman, make ready—present—fire!"

(*Tremendous smashing of glasses against the chimney-piece, followed by three cheers.*)

CORNET BUTLER.

"Mr. Oldenham, I beg pardon, I fear my glass has grazed your head. I hope you're not hurt, Sir."

MR. OLDENHAM.

"Not much—not much, young Butler—but you really must be more careful, Sir; the consequences

might have been fatal. As it is, Sir, you've wounded my temple severely; you'd better have kept your glass in your hand, Sir, and carried it home as a trophy, as I intend to do. Look here, Sir, this is the last relic of the glasses which have drank the toast."

CAPTAIN DIXON—(*in a whisper.*)

"Mr. Oldenham, as a friend, I should advise you to pocket your glass, for if Millikin discovers you, he'll certainly not only crack a joke upon you, but insist upon its fraeturing your beaker."

Mr. Oldenham took the hint, and pocketed the affront. He did not, however, remain long in the quiet enjoyment of his glass, for sitting down too rapidly, and forgetting to remove the skirts of his coat from beneath him, smash went the glass, with his weight, into a thousand sharp fragments. Up sprung Oldenham, now wounded in another quarter, and, in an agony of rage and pain, prepared to quit the room, from which he was prevented only by Pierce and Captain Dixon laying violent hands upon him; the latter of whom, as he emptied the fragments of glass from his pocket, recommended a warm poultice.

A voice was now heard most loudly demanding admittance. "Sure I'm one of them; sure ye know me; sure all the world knows me. You won't keep me out. I belongs to them, and I want to spake with his worship."

"See what all this is about," said the president to Millikin, in an under tone.

Millikin left the room, and soon returned, ushering in Tom Barrett, the piper, who, as our readers will probably recollect, was, on the departure of the corporation, left behind, dead drunk, in Mrs. Rockey's tap-room.

"Now, Barrett," said Millikin, "speak out for yourself, man."

"Faith, an' that I will," said the unabashed Barrett; "that I will—I'm an ill-used and abused man—I tell you that, and there's my pipes destroyed for ever, and I'm fairly ruinated, and 'tis never again they'll have the sweet music of Erin in them, but nothing but water, and 'tis drowned intirely the poor boy is that ye put up on the big playhouse baste in my place; and this is your doings, and this is my luck, and faith, and but I'll spake out plainly. Oh wisha, that I should ever have ever lived to see the day."

"Good God!" exclaimed one of the guests, "is the poor fellow who was on the elephant drowned?"

Barrett replied—"Drownded? faith an' you may say that: what else would he be but drownded."

"Why, Barrett, you know, I've but just sent him a stiff jug of punch," said Millikin.

"Oh! long life to you, Sir; 'tis true for you," responded Barrett, "and 'tis the half of it I'm after drinking with him below stairs—but sure, if he wasn't drownded he might have been, an' 'twas all only his luck, for when a boy's born to be hanged he'll not be drownded you see."

"Here," said Millikin, consigning another jug to the piper's custody, "here, you unconscionable swill-tub, take this, and go and divide it with the drowned man, and to-morrow we'll settle about the pipes."

Fresh glasses being placed on the table, bumper toast succeeded bumper toast until it was pretty evident, from the tumultuous nature of the conversation, that the wine, aided by the whiskey-punch, had done its office. Our cornet, who prided himself not a little on his excellent head, had, as nearly as it is possible for our calculation to go, disposed of one, and was about to enter upon the second magnum, when all eyes were turned towards the direction of the president, who was once more announced to be "on his legs."

PRESIDENT.

"Gent—el—men, gentle—men—(*hiccup*)—most—I rise to pro—(*hiccup*)—pose—pose the health of the Bal—Bal—Bal—"

And now the unhappy president cut short the flower of his oratory by a *singultus* so loud and deep, as to arouse even the dormant faculties of the most obtuse of his auditors; overcome by the vehemence of his efforts, and thinking to recover himself by a temporary cessation, he essayed to find his seat, but failing in his endeavour, and losing his balance, he rolled over on one side of his chair, and coming in contact with the trumpet of Millikin, which at that moment was raised in readiness to communicate the unfinished sentence to the assemblage, he propelled it with great force against the lips of his deputy, and striking at the same moment with his upraised feet the elevated table, tilted it, with the articles upon it, to wit, a screeching hot jug of punch, and the empty magnums, on the bald head of Mr. Oldenham, who on this day seemed to be marked out for misfortune.

"By G—d," said Oldenham, "this is unbearable; I can stand it no longer; but I deserve it all. Here have I been wounded *à fronti à posteriori*, and now instead of a soothing poultice, I have a scalding application of whiskey-punch, from the fall of that drunken dog, Billy Kearns."

The president in his fall had alighted on the back of his head on the floor, with a violence which resounded through the whole apartment; and when he was raised from the ground, he was found to be in a state of such imbecility and helplessness, that the chair was declared vacant, and Millikin universally chosen "to reign in his stead."

The new president entered upon his office with the highest glee, and, unlike his predecessor, at once commenced operations with great spirit. His first com-

mand was for a supply of devils, and then for tumblers, and a tumbler-toast.

"Here, my boys," said Millikin, as he raised his brimming glass, "here's to our late worthy president, whose health, for an obvious reason, we'll drink in *tumblers*. He has done his duty—let us do ours. And it is but justice to him to state, that he was the caterer of the excellent dinner of which we have this day partaken. The fish, in the first place, merits panegyric; I could have eaten it *sans* soy, *sans* Harvey, *sans* Chili vinegar, *sans* anchovy, *sans* every thing; although, as the learned ΦΩΚΥΤΙΔΗΣ remarks, Μετ Νεηριτς Α Κοδδα λοτ, Σβμβαλλω, Χειμα οις Τηρσος ον μιξι σοι και τ Ι επτερ——"

The learned president would have proceeded, but he was interrupted by exclamations of discontent at this introduction of an "unchristian" tongue, as they denominated his Greek. Indeed, strong symptoms of impatience began to be exhibited on all sides, and the meeting was evidently approaching its grand climacteric.

The rapid manner in which the tumblers had been drained, contributed to this result. Some had already dropped from their chairs—the heads of others reposed upon the table, which was floating with the contents of upset glasses, and misdirected libations. The cornet, to whom a little of consciousness remained, mistaking a candle for the magnum, applied it to Oldenham's glass; but the banker had, long ere this, yielded to the potency of the Jolly God—and after swealing a considerable quantity of tallow into his tumbler, Pierce applied the candle to the back part of his head, and ignited the few hairs remaining on his scalp.

"Damn it, man," said Dixon, who was one degree soberer than the cornet, "have some mercy on poor Oldenham, and do not bring the candle in sorrow to his gray hairs."

The cornet's supposed freak was not, however, without its effect. Every one capable of the exertion seized a candle, and in a short time contrived to extinguish it. All was now darkness, and we must draw a veil over the demolition of bottles, glasses, jugs, and chairs—the crashing of oaths and heads—and merely say, that the cornet was found the next morning fast asleep beneath the table, his head reposing on Mr. Oldenham's shoulder, to which it was firmly fixed by the tallow, in company with some dozen roysterers like himself.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING.

Try her again; women commonly love according to the circumstances they are in.

Isabella.

The return of Mrs. Lovett and her daughters to the Glebe, which occurred in about a month after the arrival of Pierce, caused a considerable sensation at Ballybutler. The cornet hoped and feared, resolved and faltered; now picturing to himself the probability of his constancy being rewarded, now doubting that one who possessed such deep feeling as Susan Lovett, could ever forget the object by whom that feeling had been first excited; he was, however, much

consoled by Mrs. Butler stating to him some instances of the pliability of feminine feeling, with which her own experience had made her acquainted; and Pierce, after listening with much interest to the several details of presents, proposals, and flirtations, made-up matches, and broken-off marriages, began to think that the possibility of a young lady being more than once in love, was not quite so unreasonable as he had imagined.

Thus encouraged, his confidence gained ground; and so soon as the second day after the eventful arrival of the ladies at the Glebe, Pierce presented himself there as a morning visiter.

The sisters were out when the cornet entered, but Mrs. Lovett endeavoured to make up for the lack of speakers, by assailing the cornet with her customary attack of questions and argument, with which style of conversation he was entertained, until the return of the fair ladies turned his attention into a different channel.

The meeting between Susan and our hero was, in the highest degree, reserved and embarrassed. A conscious blush accompanied the formal proffer of that hand, whose last contact with that of Pierce had inflicted so deep a wound upon his feelings. The recollection of that evening was evidently present to the memory of both. Susan felt conscious of, and regretted the pain which she had caused; Pierce felt its sting revive, and his reviving hopes sunk back to their former languor. A simple greeting was all that passed between Pierce and Susan. Mrs. Lovett made an ineffectual effort to restore conversation; but the poor cornet was *hors de combat*, utterly unable to do more than answer by monosyllables. A timely retreat, therefore, he thought was the most prudent measure to adopt; and, promising to comply with a request made by Mrs. Lovett, "that he would come in the evening," Pierce hastily took his leave.

The fact was, that our hero felt so doubtful as to the place he held in Susan's estimation, and so fearful of again encountering disappointment, that he was unwilling to risk the consequences of any communication with her. However, his peace of mind required that he should, by some means, ascertain the state of her feelings, and he determined on applying to Eleanor that evening for the information which he felt unable to ask of Susan herself.

But even this, notwithstanding his resolution, he was unable to execute verbally; the dread of receiving an unfavourable answer, the horror of perhaps having in one short sentence all his hopes destroyed, forbade his utterance. But the evening was advancing—the ordinary time of departure was drawing nigh—some attempt to relieve his suspense he was resolved to make; and after much distracting consideration, he finally determined that the dreaded consequences attendant upon verbal inquiry would be best avoided by committing his question to paper.

Pierce was seated in an obscure corner of the room, gazing upon the newly-risen moon, and listening to Eleanor's execution of a plaintive air on the harp, when he came to this resolution; seizing a song which happened to lie on the table near him, he took out his pencil, and wrote hastily the following words on the corner of the leaf:—

"What is the nature of Susan's feelings towards me? If unfavourable, do not reply."

When Eleanor had concluded, Pierce handed her the paper, which having read, she threw among the rest of her music, and moved over to that part of the room where Susan was seated; the sisters then appeared to confer together, and Pierce endeavoured to engage himself in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, which prevented any communication being made to him by Eleanor until he was about to depart: at that time, however, she followed him to the door

and bidding him "good night," added, "Susan will speak to you in the avenue at eight o'clock to-morrow evening."

"Susan herself!" said Pierce, as he walked homewards. This was more than he could possibly have expected; nor could the cornet, as he thought over the words of Eleanor, satisfy himself whether the offer was to be considered favourable to his hopes, or otherwise. "At least," thought he, "I shall be put out of suspense, and any state is better than that of doubt."

The evening came—Pierce went to the place of meeting with a feverish brow and a palpitating heart. Susan was already there when he arrived, stooping over a bank of violets; she appeared absorbed in the occupation of gathering the little flowers, but, when Pierce approached nearer, raised her head and advanced towards him.

"Susan," said Pierce, "this is kind of you: whatever your feelings may be towards me, however justly offended you may have been at my presumption in once supposing that you thought favourably of me, still I thank you for having given me this opportunity of confessing how much I erred, and how sincerely I regret it."

"Oh, do not talk of offence," said Susan; "I assure you I was not in the least offended."

"My imagination," continued Perce, "carried me too far, wildly speculating upon your feelings, I declared my own; and without waiting for that reply which would have made me sensible of my error, I hurried away, and lived upon the illusion of my own sanguine hopes; but I have dearly paid the forfeit of my folly. Ah! Susan, you little know what days of pain and misery you have caused me.'

"Indeed," said the gentle Susan, "indeed I feel for you; but believe me, until that evening when you gave me the ——, that evening when you were going away, I had no idea of—"

"My love, my adoration for you," ejaculated Pierce;

"oh, Susan—but why should I torment you with expressions of attachment, or tire you with the affections of the person you dislike."

"Dislike," said Susan, emphatically; "now you *are* unjust; I assure you that is not the case;—who could have told you that I disliked you?"

"Then you do not?" said Pierce, eagerly.

"No, that I am sure I never could, when you have been always so kind to us; but—"

Pierce was breathless as he anticipated the termination of this sentence, but Susan did not proceed; her real friendship for Pierce, and consideration for the evident excitement under which he laboured, would not permit her to wound his ears with a truth which she knew would prove so painful. However, she had already gone far enough to make herself intelligible; and Pierce, after a few moments, uttered in a despairing tone—

"But you love me not, Susan; that is what you would say. I know it, I feel it; it is this conviction of your indifference, too plainly impressed upon me, that distracts my mind, that corrodes my heart, and blasts my happiness."

"Oh, do not talk so!" said Susan. "Surely you could not expect me now—you—I—believe me, I have felt deeply for your sufferings, and I do still feel."

"Oh, do not, Susan!" replied Pierce, "deceive me by encouraging expectations which will not be realized; tell me at once that I am an object of your hate, your execration—that you love another, that you have not a heart to bestow; leave me without hope, without encouragement; but do not, in mistaken kindness, conceal from me your real feelings, nor lead me again to indulge in deceptive visions, ending in pain and misery."

"Be assured, Pierce," said Susan, with earnestness, "I never will deceive you."

A mutual silence followed this declaration; Susan

appeared much embarrassed, and accepted affectionately the arm of Pierce, who, notwithstanding her candid avowal, could not but feel his hopes revive as they walked towards the house. The cornet thought he saw a glimmering of hope through Susan's embarrassment; and pressing her hand to his lips as she was about to enter the house, he said,

"I will not urge what I know cannot be agreeable; you forgive me for my first misconception of your feelings?"

"Oh, indeed I do," interrupted Susan.

"You have said you do not dislike me, Susan; perhaps—perhaps, some day you will think better of me."

"I am sure I shall," replied Susan, emphatically.

"I seek not," continued Pierce, much tranquillized "that which you have not in your power to bestow; nay, I should value but lightly those feelings which admitted of their quick transition, even although the change was favourable to myself. I have too high an opinion of you to imagine it possible that you could thus transfer your affection—too high an opinion of you to urge it. More than you have said, I cannot expect, and more I will not ask."

"Thank you—thank you," replied Susan, much affected by the generous declaration of Pierce; "this is so kind, so considerate of you. I hope we shall see you often before you leave Ireland; good night!—good night!"

"Good night!" echoed Pierce, and pressed her hand—

> ——— to whose soft seizure
> The cygnet's down were harsh,

with a respectful warmth which was as eloquent of his feelings, as of the considerate check he intended to keep upon them.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO BIRMINGHAM.

Oh! dass sie ewig grünen bliebe
Die schöne zeit der junge liebe.

SCHILLER.

Oh! would it ever verdant prove,
The joyous time of early love.

If a sanguine and sensitive temperament tend to unfit us for buffeting the "restless flood" over which human life is destined to be borne—if feeling increase pain and sorrow, it also endues us with the capability of more fully enjoying the unruffled moments which chequer the stream, alike susceptible of pain and pleasure; the heart which admits the wound, yields also to the balm, and the depressed mind of sensibility revives at the faintest sound of joy, and readily awakens to the buoyancy of hope, and to the security of confidence.

Of such a temperament was Pierce Butler. At one time certain of success, at another deeming it impossible—now rioting in the anticipation of hope, now sunk in the gloominess of despair;—sanguine, sensitive, kind, generous, he was alternately a prey to the excitement of pure delight, and the depression of deep despondency. Deceived on his entrance into the world by the unrestrained dictates of an ardent mind, which, exaggerating appearances, and creating facts, ended at length in his belief of that which he wished—the reaction of disappointment had been proportionably powerful; and when, after a long and cheerless lapse of time, during which, though his hopes were

crushed, his attachment remained unshaken, a faint light appeared to sever the clouds which surrounded him, he felt his former days return, and all their accompanying sensations of love, and hope, and confidence.

Pierce did not, however, suffer himself to be blinded with the belief that Susan Lovett was formed of such pliable materials, as at once to yield him that return of affection to which his ambition aspired ; or, that casting Method into oblivion, she could, after so severe a disappointment, now present him with a heart uninfluenced by former impressions. No; much as he had heard and read of female inconstancy, and female inconsistency—woman's love, and woman's weakness—still he could not believe that the heart he valued w

> Like the course of mountain tide,
> Every rock the current changing ;
> Like the bird that must be tied,
> If you would prevent its ranging.

Yet, impressed as he might be with the conviction, th Susan Lovett was as superior in character, as she w in appearance, to all her sex, and consequently fr from that versatility of feeling which has been att buted to them, the cornet could not but consider th the general tendency of the evening conference in t avenue was at least encouraging.

True, Susan had not in words committed herself more than expressions of pity for his sufferings ; bu there was a kindness in the tone in which those words were uttered, there was a considerate avoidance of all allusions that could hurt his feelings, and above all, an eloquent embarrassment which pervaded all she said and did, that made the cornet's heart feel light, and bid his fairy visions return.

Daily visits at the Glebe now became his most scrupulous observances ; the morning ride was succeeded by the evening walk, and often when the consideration of his friend Eleanor allowed her to create a *tête-à-tête*

between those parties to whom she believed it would prove agreeable, the romantic cornet would dwell upon the story of past days, and early admiration, blighted hope, and how

He never told his love——

until the very evening when he presented the fatal ring; that then, unwilling, from mistaken but well-intended motives, to seek that explanation which his avowal required, he departed in the intoxication of a too sanguine mind, and lived in the sweet delusion of future anticipations—

These things to hear,
Would gentle Susan seriously incline;

and after patiently listening to the oft-repeated tale, would say, "it was strange, she wondered how he came to like her—wondered she had not discovered it," and then would relapse into silence, and again become a willing auditor.

Thus rolled smoothly by the period of the cornet's leave of absence, and when its approaching termination reminded him that his pleasures soon must cease—that in a few short days the sea would separate him from all that in the world he loved best—his anxiety for the future redoubled.

Since the evening of the meeting in the avenue, his wishes had been only manifested by an unimpassioned but constant attention, an unobtrusive but unequivocal admiration. Too sensitive himself not to respect the feelings of another, he avoided giving utterance to those expectations on which his happiness rested lest a word might wound, or a wish disquiet.

Susan perceived this consideration for her feelings, and valued it; and perhaps if Pierce could have adopted any mode calculated to win the affections of her whom he adored, it was that which, by suppressing his own

emotions, and protracting his doubts, the delicate forbearance of his character, and the pure nature of his attachment were so fully developed.

But again to cross the St. George's channel in distracting doubt, was more than could fairly be expected, even from the patient and considerate cornet; nor can we accuse him of unseasonable *empressement*, when we relate that, not many hours previous to the sailing of the packet which was to convey him to Bristol, he had a communication with Susan, of a much more serious nature than any which had hitherto passed between them.

What the nature of that communication was, and what the result of it, we must be excused from here detailing; it may, however, assist the imagination of any inquiring reader to be informed, that before stepping into the packet, Pierce wrote, and sent immediately to Ballybutler, a short note addressed to his father.

The noble Lee now bore the cornet on its limpid waters; and although the weather was cloudy and the wind adverse, Pierce thought that the venerable ruins of Dundaniel never looked more cheerful, the woods of Dunkettle more sublime, or the impregnable fortress of Spike more imposing. Against a stiff breeze from the southeast the wind beat out towards evening, between the overhanging forts of Carlisle and Camden: and it was not until after the endurance of two boisterous nights, during which the squeaking of pigs and the moaning of bullocks, served often to remind the passengers that they were not solitary sufferers, that the appearance of Lundy island denoted the long-wished-for entrance of the Bristol Channel. The tide now favoured their advance, and early on the fourth morning from that on which the packet had sailed, they succeeded in anchoring opposite Lamplighter's-hall; here the cornet was told the vessel must remain until the tide again came to their assistance, un-

less indeed he thought proper to leave her, and trust himself on land.

The mere possibility of such a mode of operation gave new life to our hero, who, in conjunction with a few of the more impatient passengers, hired successively a boat and coach, and proceeded to Bristol. Pierce was not long in securing himself the means of further conveyance, the day of the month (twenty-third) rendering such a proceeding imperiously necessary; and after experiencing the comparative advantage in point of comfort which the Bush Inn possessed over the Shamrock Packet, in the articles of bed and dinner, he mounted the box seat of the Birmingham mail, and found himself at the close of the important *muster-day*, sipping the exhausted remnants of Mrs. Costiff's tea-pot, and receiving her congratulations on his improved health and spirits.

The major, it should be mentioned, had during the cornet's absence, changed his residence to a small house on the Litchfield road, into which the musical parties t the barracks had at length driven him.

"Cork really must be a very healthy place, Mr. Butler," said the lady, as she carefully poured into the cornet's tea, that portion of milk which she considered would be just sufficient to disguise the weakness of the infusion. "Pray, is it supposed that the climate of that county has any particular effect upon indigestion?"

"Dyspepsia, my dear," said the major, correcting his lady.

"Really, my dear," replied Mrs. Costiff, "I don't pretend to understand Italian, or any of those medical languages; but I dare say Mr. Butler understands what I mean. You have, no doubt, Mr. Butler, often felt the sensation yourself, after eating too much salmon perhaps at the mess, or being induced to follow that absurd custom by which the officers of this regiment so much injure their constitutions—I mean that of eating biscuits after they have dined."

"Oh certainly," said the cornet, who knew nothing of indigestion, or any other disease, except by name; for, except in case of a sea voyage, and the accompanying sea-sickness with which he was always visited on such occasions, Pierce never experienced any deficiency in either appetite or digestion, and was always prepared to do ample justice to whatever was set before him at the ordinary period of refreshment.

"But, probably, Mr. Butler, your stomach is not naturally deficient in tone!"

"Oh dear no," said the cornet, and looked significantly at the weak tea, as if appealing to a proof of his stomachic vigour.

"I fear you don't like your tea," said the lady, observing the point to which his eyes were directed; "gentlemen, I know, generally like it strong, but the major and myself find that strong tea has a serious effect upon our nerves and consequently I rarely put into the teapot more than two spoonfuls, or perhaps two spoonfuls and a half when the half pound is nearly out—the bottom part, you know, not containing so much of the absolute leaf of the plant, and being therefore less powerful."

The cornet expressed his perfect comprehension of the motives which induced Mrs. Costiff to deal so sparingly with the tea store; and fearing that a more lengthened investigation of the nervous system might lead to the more minute discussion of intestinal derangement, he ventured to attempt a change of subject, by referring in a complimentary manner to their new residence.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Butler," sighed the lady, "we have lost that sweet barrack-room; Captain Breakpeace's concerts were really so very noisy—not that I minded them much, for you know, Mr. Butler, I am fond of music, but the major's system was quite deranged, in consequence of the loss of sleep which he experienced; for scarcely was the officers' *finale*

ended, when the sweeping of the barrack stairs commenced. Indeed, poor fellow, he took more medicine during the short month we were in barracks, than he did for six months before."

"Indeed," said the cornet, with difficulty suppressing a smile, "Breakpeace is an odd fellow; he has most extraordinary ideas about music."

"Extraordinary, indeed!" growled the major; "who, but such a madman as that would ever think of amusing himself with a watchman's rattle and a penny trumpet?"

"Breakpeace has certainly an abstract love of noise," said the cornet. "I don't think," continued he, after a little consideration, "phrenologists could derive this propensity from the '*organ of tune*,' for Breakpeace's appears to me to be as much, if not more, gratified, with the most discordant noises, as with the best regulated orchestra."

"If there be an organ of *annoyance*," said Major Costiff, biting his lip, "I think Captain Breakpeace's music is more likely to proceed from it than from any more civilized source."

"I beg your pardon, major," said the cornet; "but the motive to which you allude has, I think, more affinity with that large developement of the cranium, termed 'the organ of combativeness;' indeed, there may be also a little of 'destructiveness' mixed up with it; and if to these be united 'firmness' and 'concentrativeness,' a high degree of energy would be manifested."

"I wish," said the major, with much seriousness, "that your friend Breakpeace had shown sense and consideration enough to manifest his energy in some other place than directly over my head; one would almost have thought that it was he who commanded half the regiment, and not myself; such stamping and screaming I never heard in any gentleman's society. I assure you, Mr. Cornet, if it had not been for Mrs.

Costiff's interference, I should have taken very serious notice of these abominable concerts."

Pierce observed that the major's wrath was kindling, and not wishing to be engaged in either the defence or condemnation of his friend Breakpeace, pleaded the fatigues of the day as an excuse for his early departure, and took his leave, not, however, without receiving the major's warm assurances that both he and Mrs. C. would be always happy in affording him the same description of refreshment which he had that evening experienced.

The faithful Carbine had been some time expecting his master's arrival at the barracks, where military etiquette forbade him to appear before he had personally reported himself to the officer commanding. Pat was whiling away the time in social converse with Phil Kilcock, the sentry, at the gate, whose cares he endeavoured to lighten, by occasionally transferring from his own mouth to that of his friend about three inches of the veteran fragment of a clay pipe, well charged with strong short-cut tobacco.

"Sentry!" hallooed the cornet, and kicked against the wicket.

"Who's there?" replied the guardian of the gate, facilitating his articulation by a removal of the pipe.

"Sure 'tis my master," said Carbine; "what's the use of axing? I'll be bound you wouldn't be so regular if 'twas a glass of punch was jingling against the door."

But Phil was always most particular in performing the duties of sentry when there was the least occasion for being so; and although he would not have hesitated to have let in half the troop three hours after watchsetting, or as many disorderly persons of another sex and description, at any hour of the night, yet in the presence or hearing of an officer, Phil was discipline personified. In this case, therefore, he duly waited for the corresponding answer of "A friend,"

before he made any effort to draw back the bolt. Pat welcomed his master; and in answer to the cornet's inquiries, concerning his horses and barrack-room, reported that the former were "in great heart;" and that as to the latter, "why his missus had been on her knees at it since morning."

As the cornet was about to ascend the staircase, Pat cautioned him, in a low voice, to take care how he went round the corner of the passage, "for," continued he, "I hear say, Sir, since you left, the gentlemen do be blowing up the old doctor at night; and your honour might get hurted."

"Blowing up the doctor," said Pierce; "what do you mean?"

But no reply was necessary from Pat; for scarce had the question been asked, when a loud explosion in the passage, followed by shouts and the firing of pistols, saluted their ears. The well-known appeal of Cuthbert was now heard amid the general confusion, and "See now! see now!" denoted the object of operation of the belligerents.

These Pierce found to consist of his former coadjutors in the execution of "Banna's Banks," who, when Major and Mrs. Costiff's departure deprived them of those auditors who alone held their musical powers in due estimation, transferred their abilities to the more professional application of waging open war upon the poor A.S.S. This had become a regular evening's entertainment for the *ci-devant* musicians, who, after exciting the doctor's resistance by frequent and most unseasonable interruptions into his territory, which were generally attended by a dislodgement of the occupier from his bed, had now organized their operations into a regular siege, and just on the cornet's arrival at the staircase, had blown up the face of the doctor's bastion with a *fougass*, or, as may be more intelligible to those unacquainted with the science of

fortification, broken off the lock of his door, by igniting as much gunpowder as the key-hole would contain.

The cornet was hailed with warmth by his old friends, who immediately invited him to reinforce the besiegers; this, however, Pierce declined: and Breakpeace having declared the breach practicable, they no longer delayed the assault, and entered the doctor's apartment with most boisterous proclamations of victory.

Although the cornet objected to take an active part in the siege, he thought there was no harm in appearing as an *amateur*, and accordingly followed the noisy party into the captured fortress.

Poor Cuthbert was found seated *tailor-wise* on his bed; a night-cap, presumed to have been white when it last arrived from the washer-woman, received just support enough from his greasy head to retain its position; his short shirt, devoid of buttons, or other conjunctive appendages, at either neck or wrists, laid bare a frontispiece of humanity that seemed still less acquainted with soap and water than the frouzy covering of his head; a barrack poker trembled in his right hand, a broken chair supported his left; despair sat upon his unshaven visage, and he appeared to be prepared for the worst—

> Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther,
> Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

"See now! see now!" faltered the trembling doctor, and put forth the weapons of both hands in a forlorn effort of defence.

"Hurrah!" said Breakpeace, "you are going to make fight, are you, old *uncias duas?* stir him up there: hurrah! *fiat lotio.*"

"See now! see now, captain!" supplicated the trembling Cuthbert.

"I see you, Sir," replied the leader of the forlorn

hope, "and beg to know what you mean by locking your door, and daring to resist our entrance, thereby putting me to the expense and trouble of preparing a *fougass* to blow up your outworks. Hurrah! A.S.S. Cuthbert, *Submurias Hydrargyri, uncias duas fiat* dislodgement—take him by a *coup de main.*"

So saying, the merry captain seized the doctor's spindle-sized legs, and threatened them with an instant transfer to the floor.

The benevolent cornet now interposed, and on the part of the besieged sued for an armistice; at the same time attaching great blame to the doctor for having so long held out, and recommending him, in all cases where the deficiency of force was on the side of the besieged, to adopt the more pacific policy of surrendering at discretion.

Breakpeace, on the part of the besiegers, consented to grant a suspension of arms, until such time as the doctor should, by any act of hostility, or insubordination, overt, implied, or capable of being so interpreted, require and provoke an investment of his fortress, the total destruction of his works, and the extirpation of his garrison.

Which conditions of surrender being agreed to by the contending parties, and duly witnessed, the armistice was declared in operation, and the belligerents retired to their several quarters,

CHAPTER XI.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

No definitions touch your senseless mind;
To you, no postulates prefer their claim,
No ardent axioms your dull souls inflame;
For you no tangents touch, no angles meet,
No circles join in osculation sweet!

Loves of the Triangles.

An order to appear for examination at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, now obliged our hero to change the current of his thoughts and attention. Several months past he had applied for permission to be admitted a student at the senior department of that establishment; but other, and much more grossing events having intervened, the college had completely vanished from his thoughts, and the preparation necessary for his entrance examination.

The month of January had already commenced, and the cornet was summoned to appear at Sandhurst on the first of the ensuing February. Not a single book, connected with the college course, had been looked into by him—even his school arithmetic had not been refreshed—decimals, fractions, and proportion, he recollected but the names of. The cornet numbered the few days that were allowed him for preparation, and trembled.

"Every candidate," say the regulations for the students of the senior department of the Royal Military College, "will have to undergo an examination previous to admission. The examination will be chiefly in the elements of geometry; but if deemed necessary, it will be extended to other elementary parts of

education requisite to qualify him for making progress in the branches of instruction taught at the college."

Pierce looked out in his pocket Johnson for the word "geometry," and found that it was a noun substantive, signifying "the science of quantity, extension, or magnitude, abstractedly considered."

The definition puzzled him more than the word defined—"Quantity, extension, abstract, magnitude," repeated Pierce; "this must be a very different study from Dundas's Manœuvres." At length, after much consideration, and more embarrassment, he was informed by Cornet Thompson, who had been educated at the junior department, that geometry meant nothing more than Simpson's Euclid.

Although our hero had neither read nor seen Simpson's Euclid, there was something familiar in the sound which gave him relief; the intimation was also accompanied by an assurance that he would find no difficulty in getting through the college; "for," added Cornet Thompson, "the junior department do a great deal more than the senior: and although I did not get a commission from the college, yet I was there three years, and was fully able to pass the board; besides, you can always get *crammed*, if you are afraid of *spinning*."

"Crammed! spinning!" echoed Pierce, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, those are the terms they use for extra study, and failing at the examination," replied the other; "but there is no fear of you, Butler, for I am sure you will be a regular *mug-stick*."

The cornet did not know whether or not he ought to be offended at this appellation. Thompson, however, saw what was passing in his mind, and relieved him, by saying, that "He only meant Pierce would be a hard-reading fellow."

The cornet's dignity was appeased, and he put many questions to Thompson, respecting the Sandhurst esta-

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blishment; to most of them, Cornet Thompson, whether informed or not, unhesitatingly replied. Pierce, however, pressed him latterly so close about detail, that he was obliged to plead his being of the junior department, as a reason for his not possessing more accurate information respecting the senior branch.

To work, then, our hero went, with Simpson's Euclid; to lighten the labours attendant upon which, he called in the aid of Walkinghame's Arithmetic. The latter was not certainly a college book, but the cornet thought he would find himself more at home with an old acquaintance, and that the instruction therein contained would, perhaps, enable him to meet that conditional part of the regulations which referred to "other elementary parts of education," as well as the prescribed 8vo., called "Dalby's Mathematics."

Pierce got through the first six books in as many days—nay, stare not, gentle reader—a cornet of heavy dragoons is not an every-day person; you might have wasted your time plodding over the definitions and axioms, or, having passed these and the first four propositions, stuck fast between the arch of the "ass's bridge;" but not so Cornet Butler. He read the examinations, looked at the figures, followed the demonstrations, saw the results, shut the book, and was perfectly satisfied.

More than the first six books was not required for the entrance examination, and Pierce rubbed his hands with delight when he had read thus far. Walkinghame soon brought the minor branches of the science to his recollection; and he arrived at the Duke of York Inn, Blackwater, on Monday, the 31st January, in high health and spirits.

Pierce immediately paid his respects to the governor, and was received by that distinguished officer with his characteristic affability. He then waited on the lieutenant-governor, and after having signified to

him his readiness to attend for examination at any time he might think proper to appoint, received an order to attend the mathematical professor the following morning at ten o'clock.

Luckily for Pierce, an infantry captain, with whom he had been formerly quartered, was serving at this time his last six months of study at the college; and although much occupied in preparation for the final day, kindly undertook the office of cicerone to our hero. He was introduced by his friend Bland, to the rest of his fellow-students; these consisted of officers of various rank and regiment to the number of thirteen; but as our hero's history is more immediately connected with those of his own class, and some few of the old stagers, with whom he became intimate, we shall confine our description to them only.

The junior class, or "*griffins*," as they were technically called at the senior department, and among whom the cornet was numbered, consisted of a Waterloo captain of grenadiers, an Irish lieutenant of Highlanders, a Scotch captain of a Scotch regiment, and a dandy ensign of a light infantry corps; to these he was introduced as fellow-competitors for the professor's favour on the following morning; and a similarity of interest soon smoothed the way to free discourse with his brother *griffs*.

His intimates of the senior class, in addition to the worthy Captain Bland, who has been already mentioned, were Valentine, an exquisite of lancers, who, after a series of years, passed without his ever being known to open a more serious publication than a fashionable novel, found himself, on his regiment receiving orders to embark for India, impressed with such a sudden and intense affection for science, that he made immediate application to be, and was admitted, a student at the senior department; Mr. Donat. Curry, a half-pay, bilious ensign, whose service in the East had so considerably reduced his liver, that he felt

as little anxiety to rejoin his corps at Cawnpore, as did the exquisite to join the lancers at Madras; Wesley, a sensible, gentleman-like, half-pay infantry captain, much impressed with the importance of daily prayer, and regular attendance at chapel; and, though last in our enumeration, far indeed from that place in the estimation of our hero, Sinclair, a lieutenant of heavy dragoons.

Kind, generous, noble-minded Sinclair! often have we heard thy praises from the lips of him who experienced thy friendship, and valued its disinterestedness; whose superior acquirements, the result of a degree of application which your health would not permit, never created in thy liberal mind one jealous feeling; equal in talent, you witnessed his gradually increasing powers, unmortified, and when his industry enabled him to overtake you in that course wherein the fame of both alike depended, no bitter rivalry tarnished thy unvarying kindness—no envious fear qualified thy generous friendship.

The cornet's first interview with Sinclair was remarkable: and as the occurrence is strongly illustrative of the character of him with whom he afterward formed so permanent a friendship, it may be considered worthy of record.

Pierce, in company with his friend Bland, had been walking about the little town of Blackwater—or York Town, as that part is called which immediately fronts the college gates—on the day of his arrival, looking for some apartment in which he could establish himself and baggage; their search had, however, been entirely unsuccessful: and just as they had given up nquiry, and Pierce had resolved upon remaining for e present at the inn, they were met by Sinclair, to om the cornet was introduced. Bland accompa- l the introduction by a statement of their unsuc- sful search, and the cornet's anxiety to be more fa- rably lodged for reading than within the walls of a

noisy inn. Sinclair immediately replied by offering Pierce the occupation of his own lodgings, from which, he said, he was about to absent himself for a fortnight, in order to attend his medical advisers in London. "It will be no inconvenience to me, Mr. Butler," said he, perceiving that Pierce felt rather unwilling to take such a liberty with a new acquaintance; "you shall have my rooms with the greatest pleasure: and here," he added, "is the key of a piece of furniture in the sitting-room, in which you will find some useful articles in the wine and grocery line; make your own property of the whole or any part of them; you will find my landlady a very proper person, and perhaps, before my return, she may assist you in providing yourself with the accommodation you wish."

The cornet was profuse in his acknowledgments of this most welcome accommodation; and the coach having just drawn up, which was to convey Sinclair to town, a "good by" was exchanged, and his new friend was driven off.

This circumstance naturally led to the cornet's intimacy with Sinclair, who, on his return from London, found that our hero's quiescence had induced the landlady to offer him her opposite set of rooms, which, in consequence of being last occupied by a noisy tenant, she had decided upon not letting: however, she speculated on the cornet's tranquillity, and admitted him to share her house with his friend Sinclair.

But a most important event happened before the return of the latter, and to that event we must now recur; for it was no less than the entrance examination of our hero, which, as has been before stated, was to take place on the morning after his arrival at Blackwater.

At ten o'clock, therefore, on that morning, the cornet appeared on the steps leading to the grand entrance of the college, somewhat nervous, it must be confessed; for although he had carefully committed

to memory the greater part of the enunciations contained in the preliminary books of Euclid, and was further fortified by recent practice in Walkinghame's arithmetical examples; having also been given every reason to expect a most kind and considerate examiner; yet he could not divest himself from a certain degree of agitation, and ever and anon, during his walk up the approach, endeavoured to confirm his hopes, by repeating to himself such parts of his late acquirements as his memory had been most treacherous in the preservation of.

The cornet had not paused many moments on the steps, when a sergeant came to inform him that Mr. Evelyn awaited his attendance in the board-room; and to the board-room, following the sergeant, he ascended.

The sergeant opened the door, and the trembling cornet entered. Professor Evelyn was standing with his back to the fire, in a large rectangular room, lighted by a glass dome, and furnished with three large slates and a black board. On the new student's approach, the professor advanced towards him in the most friendly manner, and offering his hand, addressed him in a way that was at once dignified and engaging.

"This is encouraging," thought Pierce, and self-possession became gradually re-established; then assenting to the professor's remark on the temperature of the weather, he ventured to protract the fatal commencement of trial, by inquiring whether the professor remembered his brother officer Thompson, who had been at the junior department.

Mr. Evelyn replied that he did, and politely asked after the health of said cornet.

Pierce made a suitable answer to this kind inquiry; after which, a pause ensued; and Mr. Evelyn took advantage of the circumstance to ask the cornet whether "possibly he could explain the doctrine of parallel lines?"

"Oh, certainly, Sir," said Pierce, quite delighted at

being called upon to answer from the first book of Euclid, the enunciations of which he flattered himself he was quite perfect in; "I suppose you mean the twenty-eighth proposition of the first book; a-hem—a-hem! I believe it is thus explained:—

"If a right line cut two other right lines, so that the exterior angle be equal to the interior and opposite angle on the same side, or if the two interior angles on the same side be together equal to two right angles, those two right lines will be parallel."

"Very good, Mr. Butler," said the professor, apparently much pleased at hearing so promising a commencement; "now, perhaps, you will have the goodness to demonstrate that upon the board, or one of the slates yonder."

"To demonstrate it, Sir!" said the cornet, looking rather perplexed; "I beg your pardon, I really don't understand; I—"

"You probably forget the figure," said the professor, and taking up a piece of chalk, kindly drew upon one of the slates of the well-known figure of the twenty-eighth proposition, adding, for the cornet's farther assistance, the letters generally employed in marking the several lines and angles.

But Pierce became nowise more enlightened, or more communicative, on the subject of parallel lines; he had said all he knew respecting the proposition in question, which indeed was all he had studied of any proposition—simply the enunciation. He had looked at the figures certainly, and sometimes read over the demonstrations; but he invariably felt so perfectly satisfied with the result at which Euclid had arrived, that it never occured to him to question its truth; and he, therefore, considered any farther proof of the fact which he had just asserted, and which Euclid, had so satisfactorily proved, to be altogether superfluous and unnecessary.

Seeing that the cornet was not at all prepared to

take advantage of the figure which he had just drawn, the kind-hearted professor did not embarrass him, by any further demand, but recommended him, in the most considerate manner, to look over some of the demonstrations; "for," added he, "we go through Euclid here in a different, and perhaps more troublesome way, than you have been in the habit of; but I have no doubt you will soon come into our method. Just look over the three or four first books, Mr. Butler, and have the goodness to inform me when you are quite ready."

Pierce could only muster speech and spirits sufficient to return the professor a modicum of thanks for his great consideration, and took his leave.

"The three or four first books," said he, repeating the professor's directions, as he slowly walked back to his lodgings; "and all the demonstrations to be got by heart. Impossible; I never shall be able to do it. So absurd too—things that are always proved, and of the truth of which nobody doubts."

His ruminations were interrupted by Bland, who asked, significantly, "how the awful examination had ended?"

"I am sorry to say it has not yet ended," replied the cornet, "I am sent back to learn my lesson."

"What, has Evelyn been so hard, then?" asked Bland, with surprise; "this used not to be his system with the griffins."

"Oh, by no means, I assure you," said Pierce; "no one could be kinder; but I find I have been learning the wrong parts of the book, that's all."

The cornet now explained, and Bland, notwithstanding all that consideration for the feelings of others for which he was so remarkable, could not resist the indulgence of a laugh when he heard of the royal road to mathematics, which the cornet had discovered.

Though much dispirited by his visit to the board-room, the cornet was determined at least to make an

effort at committing to memory those parts of Euclid which he had hitherto considered so unnecessary; and notwithstanding his hopeless view of the undertaking, he succeeded, by the assistance of Sinclair's black board, and Bland's patient hearing of his declamation, in fixing in his mind, after a few days' labour, the progressive demonstrations from proposition I. to the *pons asinorum*,

> The ass's-bridge, for ages doomed to hear
> The deafening surge assault his wooden ear.

And here the cornet's hopes underwent a considerable elevation, for having always heard the *pons asinorum* talked of as a formidable pass, and one not easily crossed by the adventurer in geometry, he naturally felt that its passage was strongly indicative of his future progress; indeed, he more than once expressed to Bland his astonishment at that proposition being considered so difficult; and when, after giving notice of his readiness to attend for examination, he again appeared before Professor Evelyn in the board-room, he at once volunteered to demonstrate the formidable fifth proposition.

Mr. Evelyn smiled, and allowed the cornet to display his late acquirement; then, contenting himself with a few simple questions out of the same book, which the new student but indifferently answered, he kindly relieved him from further alarm, and promised to report his fitness for admission to the lieutenant-governor.

CHAPTER XII.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

(Continued.)

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strange contagion of the gown.
JOHNSON.

THE awful entrance examination having been over, our hero's mind became tranquillized, and before another week had elapsed, he followed the daily routine of study with all the steadiness of a practised student. Sinclair expressed himself to be much gratified at finding, on his return from town, that the cornet's peaceable demeanour had overcome his landlady's reluctance to admit of an additional lodger, and proposed, for the more social abode of both parties, that a daily dinner should be established, to be held alternately in the quarters of each. To this proposition Pierce most readily agreed, and after reciprocal professions of indifference as to the hour of dining, it was at length fixed for seven o'clock.

"I care not how late," said Pierce, "for I never can read after dinner."

"And I," said Sinclair, laughing, "read little at any time—so the hour of dining is of no importance to me. I must, however, make a proviso, Butler," he added, "that you give good tea when the dinner is held in your room, for if ever I do feel disposed to open Dalby, or make triangles, it is after a large cup of potent hyson."

Pierce faithfully promised to provide the required

stimulant, and the preliminaries being thus arranged, the two friends entered upon a course of domestic economy and study, with mutual satisfaction.

"The morning labour of the senior students, was attendance upon the mathematical professor: to which succeeded, in the afternoon, instruction in drawing, fortification, and languages; generally about four o'clock the hall of study was vacated, and at this time, the cornet, his friend Sinclair, Bland, and the griffin grenadier captain, sought exercise and amusement in pedestrian excursions over the neighbouring country. During these walks, much excitement was created by a rivalry of agility, displayed in crossing the various fences with which the fields were enclosed: and in these exercises, Sinclair's delicate, yet active frame, was conspicuously pre-eminent.

The grenadier captain, a most worthy griffin, was also a good jumper, and certainly succeeded much better in clearing the gates and hedges around Blackwater and Sandhurst, than the propositions and examples of Euclid and Dalby. This officer had, however, come from no less a distance than the island of Jamaica, to join the senior department: and unsuited as the study of mathematics was to his taste and temperament, he yet preferred the labours of the hall, qualified as they were with the refreshing breezes of Bagshot Heath, to the monotony of colonial service, and the burning rays of the Leeward Island. Atlas was, therefore, as must be evident, a sensible and discriminating officer, and although not possessed of brilliant talents, or disposed to much application, was an upright, honourable man, and a kind-hearted and agreeable companion.

We have thus dwelt upon the character of Captain Atlas, because our hero, when his landlady's notice to quit obliged a dissolution of partnership between the cornet and Sinclair, accepted Atlas's proposition to join in the occupation of one of the college houses, several of which, in consequence of the recent reduc-

tion in the number of the professors, had been given up to the senior students.

This change of mind on the part of the landlady was one of those feminine variations of will, which cannot always be satisfactorily accounted for, and was a source of much regret to both Sinclair and the cornet.; however, he looked forward to a rational and accommodating companion in the person of the good-humoured captain of grenadiers—and he was not disappointed.

Among other occupiers of the supernumerary professors' houses, the whole range of which was called the "Professors' Terrace," and by the wags, "Tea-Caddy Row," was Tom O'Loughlin, the Irish Lieutenant of Highlanders, who held a house in conjunction with the dandy; the exquisite lancer ensign and Captain Wesley also tenanted a tea-caddy; and the Scotch captain, in consequence of his extremely unattractive appearance, forbidding any offer of companionship, enjoyed the supreme advantage of being sole possessor of another.

O'Loughlin, though a subaltern of some standing, and one of a corps which numbered "Mangalore," "Seringapatam," and "Waterloo" upon its colours, had suffered no deterioration of national character from the many varieties of language, manners, and customs, among which his services had thrown him. His Connaught accent sounded in its pristine purity—his mirth and good humour remained unsubdued—his native frankness was unadulterated by any foreign finish of polite hypocrisy—and his morality, strange as it may appear, had absolutely augmented with his experience.

This latter quality naturally caused a kindred feeling to arise between O'Loughlin and Captain Wesley. The captain was considerably advanced both in his academical and religious studies, when the Hibernian arrived, and Tom unhesitatingly put himself under the counsel of so pious and talented a student.

Unlike Sinclair and our hero, who, in making the

preliminary arrangements for their future fellowship, looked upon the hour of dinner as one of the most important features in their domestic economy, Wesley and O'Loughlin canvassed the fitting hour for tea.

Not, be it well understood, that scandal-stirring infusion where malice reigns and satire is a tributary—not that sophisticated meeting where mothers fabricate and daughters flirt—where old maids drown their disappointments in abuse, and young ones realize their wishes in conjecture; nor even was it that unsophisticated meal where, body predominating over mind, mastication supplied the place of discourse—nor that where the reviving herb gave force to science and refreshed philosophy. The evening meal of Wesley and O'Loughlin was none of these; one subject only occupied their thoughts, one subject only furnished their conversation: and when it is stated, that a folio bible was invariably paraded with the tea equipage, a sufficient explanation of their employment will be at once conveyed.

O'Loughlin, it must be confessed, did not always confine himself to the avowed object of the evening meeting—nay, sometimes, could not easily bring himself to enter upon it: for being blessed with a robust constitution, and an appetite proportioned to its support—dining also for the appeasing of this demand—and the more profitable division of the day, at an early hour, he felt his attention unconsciously attracted to Wesley's bread and butter; and so great was the inward dictation under which he sometimes acted, so completely did his thoughts appear to be abstracted from the folio, and absorbed in the plate, that Wesley has sighed, in utter hopelessness, both of the survival of his loaf, and the salvation of his friend.

"Take care, my friend," said Wesley, observing O'Loughlin's sixth application to the bread and butter plate, one evening after the latter had returned from a long day's sketching, and was come to feed

both mind and body at Wesley's tea-table; "recollect what St. Paul says, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, eighth chapter, and eighth verse:—'But meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse.'"

"But sure, my dear fellow," said O'Loughlin, "this is not meat at all, but bread, which you know we are told in chapter (I forget just now which) is the "staff of life;' and, by the by, captain, I think it would save a deal of trouble if you'd have the loaf in, and not them thin slices, for there's nothing in the world teazes my stomach more, and makes me more hungry, than thin bread and butter."

O'Loughlin had by this time cleared the plate of its teazing contents, and Wesley, sighing deeply, rang the bell for the more solid supply which his guest hinted at.

"Well now, captain," said O'Loughlin, perceiving that the nature of his appetite was considered by no means orthodox by his host, "what's the harm of a man satisfying the calls of nature when he is hungry: sure doesn't the first of Corinthians say, 'meats for the belly, and the belly for the meats?"

"Ah! my frend," replied Wesley, "but you forget the conclusion of that verse: 'but God shall destroy both it and them.' I think you will find it in the sixth chapter, thirteenth verse."

"'Tis true," said O'Loughlin, looking puzzled; then after a moment's consideration, he added, "well, stop, I think I can give you another. 'Let him—no—let not him which doesn't—no, that's not it neither; stop; 'Let not him which eateth not, judge him which eateth'—ay, that's it;" and the delighted O'Loughlin rubbed his hands with satisfaction at having produced so apposite a text.

The loaf now appeared, and the yet hungry Hibernian immediately commenced its decapitation; having accomplished which, in the form of a very solid circumference, he was about arranging the morceau to

the capacity of his mouth, when Wesley, who had remained silent since O'Loughlin's last happy quotation, gave forth, with much solemnity, "'and he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin;' Paul's Epistle to the Romans, fourteenth chapter, twenty-third verse."

"Ah, now captain, you might stop till I finish this," said O'Loughlin, laying down a segment of the nutritious circle which he was about conveying to his mouth; "some of them words make one feel uncomfortable when one is eating; indeed, I think religious discourse never does a person half the good at meal time that it does afterward."

Wesley only replied with a sigh, and seeing that it would be a hopeless case endeavouring to withdraw his friend's attention from the "things on earth," so long as he continued in his present occupation, postponed all serious allusions until the removal of the tea-things. O'Loughlin made good use of the calm, and after reducing the loaf to such a size as to render it totally unequal to meet Wesley's demands on the following morning, and spilling half a saucer full of tea over the sacred folio, he turned his chair from the table, and declared he was quite ready for the evening's work.

This consisted in alternate readings from the holy volume, followed by discussions on, and explanations of, the several passages which called for either. In this part of the proceeding, Wesley's superior ability, and deeper study of that particular subject, gave him great advantages over his friend, whose investigations generally served but to increase his own perplexity.

But this did not in the least diminish Wesley's zeal, or lessen the gratification which he experienced in the society of so piously disposed a lieutenant as O'Loughlin. Indeed, this good captain's exertions in the cause of religion were so impartially displayed, that when O'Loughlin's college studies did not admit of his joining in the evening occupation, which has just been

described, he generally invited to his room the fat guardian of the turnpike-gate, whose dissolute habits Wesley conceived demanded his intervention.

He therefore prudently fixed upon that hour when Filbut's thirstiness usually conducted him to the White Hart Tap, for counteracting so immoral a propensity, by inviting him to Tea-Caddy Row; and here, Wesley, selecting such passages as immediately referred to the fat turnpike-keeper's feeling, would endeavour to impress upon his auditor the imperativeness and practicability of moral perfection.

True, Filbut did not start objections to any of the doctrines, however severe, on which his host insisted, nor did he refuse the invitations to Captain Wesley's, however frequent; but it is not therefore to be concluded that he drank less beer, or became more godly. The irksomeness of his attendance was considerably qualified by a gentle doze, in which he generally indulged during the *tête-à-tête;* and when the too constant observation of the captain prevented this solace, the donation of a half-crown piece, as a reward for his diligent attention, completely reconciled him to the weary hour.

Thus did some of the students of the senior department labour for the attainment of supermundane felicity; others again, limiting their ambition to the transient fame with which earthly honours crown their successful votaries, sought only for pre-eminence in the college course; and while Wesley and O'Loughlin were reciprocating the benefits of scriptural inquiry, the more worldly students were tracing the minute progressions of the illustrious Alexandrian, or the more varied beauties of the Farnham professor.

Not that Wesley and O'Loughlin were altogether unmindful of the purpose for which they had become students at the senior department, or indifferent as to the result of their final examination, for both were hard-reading men, and perhaps the evening relaxation of

"tea and bible," (as Atlas called it), tended rather to increase their morning application to the college duties.

Indeed, O'Loughlin, after some little time, felt so little confidence in his own powers, that he was induced to put himself under the private tuition of one of the professors of the junior department, who, for the consideration of a handsome sum, kindly undertook to facilitate the comprehension of any dull students in the several branches of study. These private lectures, exclusive of the immediate benefit which they conferred, had also a prospective advantage, which, although we are far from insinuating that the pious O'Loughlin was influenced by such a consideration, must certainly have increased the value of the instruction, perhaps, even to the price which was demanded for it.

We allude to the circumstance of the private lecturer being one of the persons to whom was intrusted the final examination of the students; and a previous knowledge of their capacities and acquirements would no doubt serve his judgment in the selection of questions, and enable him to look with confidence to the corresponding answers; but this was only a simple coincidence, and if favourable to O'Loughlin, why should he be debarred its advantages?

The good humour and open heartedness of O'Loughlin soon gained him the good will of our hero, and, indeed, (with the exception of the Scotch captain,) of all the other students; and as Tom had too high a sense of gratitude not to endeavour to make some return for the kindness which he experienced, he generously attempted the conversion of all those who favoured him with their regard or attention. To Pierce, being a fellow-countryman, he was particularly bountiful, frequently expostulating with the cornet for his non-attendance at afternoon service on Sunday, as well as on the inappropriateness of his conversation

that day; impressing upon him the fatal consequences which might attend his looking at a Euclid before he had said his daily prayers—the insufficiency of human wisdom, &c.—all of which subjects he generally discussed with Wesley, on the evening previous to any lecture with which he intended to benefit the cornet.

The Scotch captain, as has been said, was not an admirer of O'Loughlin's, nor was there any inequality of affection between them; the warm temperament of the Hibernian was certainly restrained by a feeling which the other did not possess; but yet, in spite of the religious check with which O'Loughlin curbed his passions, nature would sometimes break out in the heat of argument; and these little deviations were more particularly prevalent when any thing occurred to interrupt the continuity of the tea and bible meetings.

In short, no two could be less calculated for comates in science, than Tom O'Loughlin and Sandy Macconichie; for Sandy, unlike the generality of his countrymen, never went to church, chapel, or meeting-house; he, moreover, laughed at all others who did go, and employed the words "cant" and "methodist" in a manner by no means agreeable to so pious and passionate a personage as O'Loughlin.

Although many of the students may have been of Sandy's opinion with regard to the importance of public prayer—nay, may have even continued their scientific labours upon the holy day, yet an accordance with the Scotchman's sentiments upon religious forms, did not reconcile the students either to his imperfections in temper and disposition, or to his more apparent failings in manner and appearance; of the former, it will be sufficient to say, that he was both sulky and stingy; of the latter, that he took snuff in the morning, and wore leather gaiters.

Sandy being the most conspicuous among the "griffins," was called *par excellence* THE griffin," and with him was O'Loughlin unfortunately classed; Atlas,

our hero, and the dandy ensign, forming another division of the same honourable body.

This arrangement of the new students was necessary previous to their approaching instruction in the surveying and sketching of ground, a period which was looked forward to with much anxiety by the infantry officers; for an allowance for forage being from this time granted to each student by the college, a degree of elevation was given to the pedestrians, which, added to the pleasure of accompanying and receiving instruction from a most kind and affable professor, tended to throw over this part of the course a considerable degree of excitement.

Pierce, though a dragoon, was not less anxious to employ his gray, than was Atlas his new purchased roan, and dandy Besnard his bay steed on this occasion; the cornet's charger had, indeed, been scarcely fit to make her appearance before, the vessel in which she had come from Ireland having encountered so severe a gale, that the poor gray was reduced most deplorably in condition, and severely bruised: however, Carbine was determined that his master should not be the only one dismounted on the first sketching day; and, accordingly, paraded the mare, thin and disfigured as she was.

The first appearance of the griffins, attended by Professor Crayon, on his long-tailed gray pony, was thus described by Sinclair, who used occasionally to amuse himself with scribbling bad verses, and circulating them in the hall of study. The first two lines are evident imitations.

Hail to the Griff, who with sketch-book advances,
Honoured and blessed by the makers of skins;*
His Johnny Raw eye see how wildly he glances
O'er deep-winding valleys and heath-covered hills.

* The sketches are made upon prepared sheep skins, similar to the material used for memorandum-books, &c. called (for what reason I know not) Ass's Skin.

See first on the list mounted squad. No. 1,
The fast-walking roan brings their leader to view;
His reflector* shines bright as the Eastern sun,
And his breast bears the well-earned badge 'Waterloo.'

Next comes—but in charity be not too hard
On the follies of youth, 'tis the dandy Besnard;
His new bridled bay bears him, compass, and all
Euclid's props that he learned in Evelyn's hall.

And the cornet comes next on his thin-sided gray,
But she shows some good breeding the knowing ones say:
Nay, some go so far as to state that her hip
Was not bare, till from Ireland she came in a ship.

Thus appearances often, tho' pure be the heart,
Yet deceive, for the outside is only a part;
And the face that is fair, and the smile that is sweet
May prove, as an index, to be but a cheat.

But of grays, oh, the little fat long-tailed for me,
Whose sleek coat developes thy care, R. M. C.;
For I doubt if in Europe exists there a college
Where feeding is happier blended with knowledge.

But I blush to have sung in thy praise, little gray,
When the zeal of thy master more merits my lay;
His patient endurance of dulness, his worth,
And that smile ever welcome to innocent mirth.

How oft have I seen, when the untutored eye
In vain has attempted earth's form to descry,
His pencil upraised, the ravine to explain,
Or where runs the water, when fast falls the rain.

Hail, then, grays and griffins, and master and steed—
Huzza for the soldiers who fight, sketch, and read;
Huzza for the college, the books, and the boards,
Huzza for the students with white chalk and swords;
Huzza for the hills, and the heath, and the hall,
Plans, parallels, puzzles, professors and all.

* The reflecting circle is an instrument for measuring angles, invented by Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., and intended to be of use in military surveying.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

(*Continued.*)

Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crossed
* * * *
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do.
POPE

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation.
SHAKSPEARE.

"Now, Mr. Butler, let us find out the index error of your instrument," said Professor Crayon, taking up the cornet's new reflecting circle, and observing most scientifically the action of the mirrors. "Hah! not quite the thing;" continued he, shaking his head, and adjusting the screws of the index and horizon glasses: "Mr. Schmalcalder is not as attentive to the construction of this instrument as he was when Sir Howard was governor at Farnham;—there—about a fraction of a second you see, Mr. Butler. Now I must explain to you the use of this instrument. Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to follow me to the steps, from whence we shall be able to see some objects for observation."

The three griffins of the first squadron, Atlas, Layard, and our hero, who had been examining, admiring, and adjusting their new-purchased sketching-books and instruments in the drawing-hall, followed the worthy professor to the steps in front of the college, and were all attention to his promised explanation.

"Captain Atlas," he began, "you see that obelisk, rising amid the fir-trees yonder."

"Yes, Sir," replied the captain.

"Very well, Sir;" now look to the right, and observe the red chimney of Sergeant Morris's house."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Atlas, "but there are so many red chimneys."

"Oh, I mean that one opposite the Methodist chapel, from whence a thicker cloud of smoke is issuing, than any of the others; there, don't you perceive?"

"Yes, now I do; that black smoke—I have a great respect for a chimney with a cloud of smoke to it."

"Ha! ha! very good, Sir. Now look at the obelisk again, our object is, you see—Gentlemen, I must beg your attention to this most important part of the science:" and turning towards Pierce and Layard, who were seated, leisurely sunning themselves on the steps, the professor manifested a wish that they should assume a more attentive position.

Besnard and the cornet rose, and the Professor continued;

"Gentlemen, our object, as I mentioned, is, to find the angle subtended between the obelisk, Sergeant Morris's chimney, and ourselves; for this purpose we look at the obelisk through the unquicksilvered summit of the horizon glass; then keeping our eye steadily upon the obelisk, we traverse the horizon with the fixed limb, or radius, which carries the index glass, until Sergeant Morris's house is reflected in the quicksilver part of the horizon glass—the measurement cannot, you perceive, exceed one hundred and twenty-five degrees, hence, the instrument is called a reflecting circle; and, as some one, that shall be nameless, says, it reflects much on the character of Sir Howard Douglas: not that I mean to say any thing against the instrument, gentlemen, by no means—for I always avoid giving an opinion on such matters. Now, Captain Atlas, will you take the instrument, and bring Ser-

geant Morris's house to the obelisk? or take any other two objects, and produce a connexion between them."

Atlas took the instrument, and after apparently fixing in his own mind upon what points he should direct it, gazed intently through the sight, and began moving the limb; he continued for a considerable time thus occupied, and evidently unable to effect his purpose; at length, taking it down with much impatience, he declared his incapability to comply with the professor's instructions.

"Patience, my good Sir," said the professor, "these sort of scientific matters are not to be learned in a moment; let us see, perhaps you have put the instrument into a *non-adjustment*—what were your objects?"

"Why, Sir," replied Atlas, "I thought it would be easier to take a more marked object than Sergeant Morris's chimney, so I tried to put one of the cadets, who was drilling there, upon the obelisk, but somehow or other, I never could keep him steady."

The professor smiled most benignantly at hearing this most unreasonable demand upon the powers of the reflecting circle, and told his pupil, that the difficulty of fixing with an instrument an absolutely moving object, had not yet been overcome by men of science. Atlas now tried again, and after him Besnard and the Cornet, all of whom succeeded after a little practice in putting Sergeant Morris's chimney on the obelisk.

The squad now proceeded to the heath, on which, at a celebrated spot called "Griffin's hole," the worthy professor deposited the surveying chain, which he had borne from the hall, and stated, that the next object to be observed was the bearing of the base. The three compasses of the three griffins were immediately volunteered for this duty; but on the professor stating that one instrument would be sufficient, both to communicate instruction and measure the bearing, the cornet's compass was selected, and the others were returned to their morocco cases.

The bearing of the base having been taken, the pro-

fessor stated that the next operation was generally to lay it down on the skin, together with the north point, and east and west lines; these operations, however, had all been previously performed in the drawing-hall by the considerate professor himself, who, knowing from repeated trials both the bearing, base, and every minute detail of the ground, which was invariably appointed for the elementary practice of the students, generally relieved his pupils from trouble, and himself from explanation, by providing the sketching skins with those lines necessary for the trigonometrical part of the process, previous to the compass or reflector being called into action.

The base, therefore, having been laid down on the tablets of each of the griffs, they were next instructed to draw the ground in their immediate vicinity. This was a process in which the cornet rather expected to shine pre-eminent; for having attained some readiness in landscape-drawing, and being the best, because the only draughtsman in the regiment, he imagined that, what he considered so inferior a branch of the art as military drawing, would be accomplished by so practised a hand almost intuitively.

The cornet, therefore, took up his pencil, and looking confidently on the various undulations adjacent to the "Griffins-hole," commenced a representation of their forms upon his sketch-book; the other griffins making a like attempt.

Not many minutes elapsed before Pierce tripped up to the professor, and handed him his book, on which was exhibited a perspective view of the heath and distance, in the form of a landscape, which covered full half of his tablet.

"There, Sir," said the cornet, with considerable satisfaction, "is that any thing like the country?"

Professor Crayon smiled, and declared it to be a very pretty landscape, but not quite the thing. Then providing the corner of his pocket-handkerchief with

a portion of *saliva*, sufficient for the execution of his design, carefully destoyed every vistage of the cornet's most interesting sketch.

"How, Sir," said Pierce, "you have rubbed it out!"

The cornet had scarcely made this exclamation, when he observed the professor quietly employing his pencil on the cleansed spot, on which, without moving from his position, or appearing to take any notice of the surrounding scenery, he made some small black marks, which, according to the cornet's idea of drawing, were as unlike a representation of ground, as any production of the pencil could possibly be; however, he soon discovered that military drawing was a totally different art from that in which he shone so pre-eminent, and with all the mortification of disappointed ambition, felt himself reduced to an equality with his griffin companions.

The squad now proceeded to measure the base, Atlas and the professor bearing the chain; intersections with the points already taken were made at its other extremity, and some proficiency acquired by the Griffins in the use of the reflecting circle. By this time the professor's stomach warned him of the approach of his dinner-hour, and his watch confirming the welcome notice, further instruction was for the present deferred, and the little fat, long-tailed gray, cantered her master from the field.

"The professor does not appear disposed to burthen us with instruction," said the cornet, whose anxiety to obtain information had been considerably increased by his late miscalculation of the powers of his pencil.

"*Tant mieux*," lisped Layard, "the present dose has been *quantum suff.* for me. What an infernal bore it will be trudging over this stupid heath, and tiring one's eyes out with observations and protractions! I shall certainly go to sleep when the weather gets warmer."

"And wake to find that Butler has passed you," said Atlas.

"At all events, I shall have the pleasure of your company," replied the other; "and a companion in misfortune, you know, lightens much its affliction."

Atlas appeared by no means to relish the ensign's allusion to his capacity, and proposed mounting their horses, which by this time had arrived. The cornet's thoughts were still engaged on the object of his late occupation, and it was not until after a repetition of Atlas's proposition, that he was induced to put up his sketch-book, and give over his fruitless attempts at protracting the bearing of Carwithen's parsonage.

"I wonder how O'Loughlin and the griffin will get on to-morrow," said Atlas, as they rode homewards; "I think Tom will take as much teaching as either you or I, Layard."

"How you feel disposed, I can't tell," said the latter; "but as for me, I assure you that I shall not draw very heavily on old Crayon's explanations; the Patlander may have my share with the greatest pleasure."

"Well, I think Crayon will find him a glutton," said Atlas.

"But then he will repay the professor with good advice," said the cornet, "and, if himself instructed in topography of the heath, will give the professor equal advantages in that of Paradise."

"All fair," said Atlas; "and I think old Crayon would have no objection to a little cant by way of variety; do you mind how he was preaching patience to Layard and myself about the intersections? However, O'Loughlin had better not attempt the conversion of Griffin Sandy—I don't think the sulky Scot would bear much preaching."

"No, that he wouldn't," said Pierce; "and yet I assure you Tom takes his infidelity very much to heart; no later than last evening he was deploring to me the wickedness of the age, and illustrating it, by stating that the griffin read Euclid on a Sunday. But this I suspect contained an indirect cut at myself, for Tom

seemed horror-struck at my cutting a pencil the other day, just after morning service."

Atlas and Layard joined our hero in a hearty laugh at this ultra piety of O'Loughlin's; and having now gained the terrace, the senior squad dismounted at their several residences.

Thus ended our hero's initiation in the art of military surveying, or sketching in the field, as the process was more generally called at the senior department; further practice soon enabled him to modify his landscape touches into the more formal delineation of ground which the military style required: and before many weeks had elapsed, Pierce far excelled his contemporaries, both in the fixing of points, measuring of distances, and putting in of ground.

Layard saw, with true dandy indifference, the rapid progress of the cornet. Atlas viewed it with unenvious admiration; too sensible of his own indolence to wonder at the daily increasing superiority of his friend, he bore himself good humouredly along; and if, sometimes, in the field, he did allude to the cornet's pre-eminence, it was but to contrast it with the dandy's incapacity, and, by including himself in the same reflection, ingeniously qualify his verdict on the mortified ensign.

In fact, Atlas was a student because his regiment was in the West Indies; and Layard was a student, because his mother wished him to get a certificate from the board of general officers. The object of the former, therefore, was to pass at the college as much time as he could, and to spend that time in the most agreeable manner; that of the latter, on the contrary, was to pass an examination before the Board, and to effect this with the least possible trouble to either his mind or body.

Far different, however, were the views and feelings of Tom O'Loughlin and Griffin Maconoccie; both were bent upon acquirement, both determined on suc-

cess. Tom not only looked forward with confidence to a brilliant examination, but calculated that a staff situation would follow as its natural consequence; nay, he had already fixed his official jurisdiction in the island of Ceylon, where his regiment was then stationed, and where, he was used to tell the cornet, the rarity of such information as the college furnished, would be sure to place him in a prominent position.

Sandy was also anxious for fame and fortune. The ninth scion of a Highland stock, he was not troubled with any of those impediments to exertion which, in a pecuniary form, encumber the more wealthy southerns: and he looked to the establishment of his military genius by the college instruction, as a sure means of enabling him to become conspicuous in his profession, and of ultimately benefiting alike his name and pocket; but Sandy was not blessed by nature with the assistance of either a good memory or a clear comprehension, and his deficiency in these qualities, he found, militated much against his progress in Euclid and Dalby; indeed, the latter work was so little suited to his genius, that instead of distracting his mind by vain attempts to solve the several questions contained in the additional examples, he adopted the more simple course of copying, from a book of Sinclair's, in which the process of solution was written, and which Sandy had the modesty to borrow, the whole detail of the business, and presented his transcript to the professor with all the complacency of self-discovery.

But if Sandy did not possess the more brilliant qualities of a retentive memory and quick perception, he was rich in the possession of his country's standard virtue—perseverance; morning sun and midnight tallow witnessed his indefatigable labours; even the Sabbath, as O'Loughlin so frequently observed, was no Sabbath to the toiling griffin. Sunday and week day, early morn and dewy eve, alike found him engaged in the arduous prosecution of his various studies: and the

students were unanimous in declaring, that if the approbation of the Board was to be the reward of pure, unequivocal hard reading, writing, and drawing, Griffin Maconnoccie could not fail of being completely successful.

Now this inflexible study of the griffin was a source of considerable annoyance to his fellow-labourer, O'Loughlin; for exclusive of Tom's fears as to the ultimate destination of Sandy's spirit in an another world, he also felt nervous as to the position of the griffin during the period of probation that was to precede his future journey: and when to this cause of anxiety was added the notoriety of the cornet's increasing proficiency, in all branches of the course, and particularly in that of drawing, Tom looked about him with some unpleasant forebodings; and, sometimes, on returning from afternoon service at the college chapel, and finding his eyes involuntarily attracted, in passing the windows of his fellow-griffs, either by the cornet's pencil, or Sandy's slate, he felt almost doubtful of the necessity of devoting so much time to religious purposes, and thereby giving such decided advantages to his less scrupulous competitors.

Thus was Tom disturbed in mind during the vacation which succeeded his entrance. In this period, he had made many efforts to reach the cornet; but, from a want of facility in acquiring the art, was much behind him in sketching. This he took much to heart; and on the return of the students, Tom often lamented the trying state in which his conscientiousness had placed him. Sinclair, who took great delight in witnessing these mental combats, with which his own agreeable temperament was never disturbed, listened, with apparent commiseration, but real amusement, to the frequent lamentations of O'Loughlin. With his usual drollery he set forth the Hibernian's misfortunes in verse, and one morning, when Tom was engaged in the tedious demonstration of the nineteenth lemma, circulated the following mock epistle in the Hall of Study:—

Letter found in Tea-caddy-row, and supposed to have dropped from the pocket of Griffin Butler.

So, Butler, I hear that you draw very quick,
And you flourish your brush as it were an oak stick;
Your pencils and paints, in troth, never do fail ye,
For you handle them both as I would a shillelah.

This *mugging* of yours laives us all in the lurch,
For you give me the go-by when I'm at the church;
E'en the damp of the weather your brain never moulders,
'Case why?—you have got a good head on your shoulders.

Och! as for that sketching, 'tis there's my vexation,
'Tis that which upsets me this live-long vacation;
While you're *naitly* touching without e'er a *taicher*,
My brain is quite bothered to poke in a *faiture*.

There's them woods, och, I never shall *caise* with protraction,
For their angles and bearings drive me to distraction;
And when I imagine they're rightly floored in,
Says old Crayon to me, "Sir, that's not quite the thing."

Since to pass at the board my wishes do tend,
Con Cuneus* has promised my figures to mend;
He's as honest a boy as ever I met,
And his kindness to me I shall never forget.

And if I do pass—och! let me alone
But I'll skip, like a rabbit, fast back to Ceylon;
Where I'm sure to obtain an employ on the staff,
For the men that are there know no more than a calf.

Forgive this effusion, and every foible—
Adieu! I am going to my tea and the Bible;
Oh, right well I wish that your eve was closed in
By study like this.—Truly yours, O'Loughlin.

* Cornelius Cuneus, Esq. F. R. and L. and Z. S., professor of Mathematics, at the junior department of the Royal Military College.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

(Concluded.)

Non illi imperium——
Sed mihi sorte datum——

VIRGIL.

Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.
Well, I am school'd——

SHAKSPEARE.

"...utenant-governor wishes to see you, Sir, in ...ce," said a tall, red-faced sergeant, touching his cap, and addressing our hero as he ascended the steps of the grand entrance, accompanied by Sinclair and Atlas.

"Want *me!*" exclaimed Pierce; "what can he possibly want of me? This is the first time I have been honoured with an invitation from the colonel at so early an hour—are you sure you are right, sergeant? perhaps it is one of the cadets you have been sent for."

The sergeant smiled at the cornet's incredulity, and assured him there was no mistake, as he got his orders from the adjutant, "who was," he added, "the most particularest gentleman as possible."

"Depend upon it," said Sinclair, "you are in for a lecture; the senior department are never invited to pay morning visits to the lieutenant-governor's office for less important purposes."

"But what can he have to lecture me about?" inquired Pierce.

"Oh, perhaps you have been entertaining the cadets,

or teasing the swan, or wearing coloured clothes, or ogling his daughters in church," replied Sinclair.

"Not guilty," said Pierce, "except as to the first charge; young Torrens certainly dined with us the other day; but he is, you know, the adjutant-general's son, and no danger could possibly result from an infraction of the rules in his favour."

"Unless you give him better fare than the lieutenant-governor does, and thereby brought the commandant's *ménage* into disrepute."

"Well, if I am to be lectured," said Pier[illegible] pose I had better go, and get it over; but, t[illegible] I would rather be ordered to attend Evel[illegible] nomical lectures, long as they are, than pro[illegible] doubtful visit to the head schoolmaster."

"Oh, he can't be severe on so steady-go[illegible] as you are," said the other; "a week's confin[illegible] the detached hospital, perhaps, or a few nights [illegible] dark room, at most; the senior department, you know, are never sent to the black hole."

The tall sergeant laughed, and Pierce saw that Sinclair was sporting with his apprehensions; so, after committing his additional example-book to the care of Atlas, and begging Sinclair to request O'Loughlin's prayers for his safe deliverance, he followed the sergeant down a long and narrow passage, which led to the left of the building.

After sundry rectangular turnings in this direction, his conductor stopped at a small, white door, and pointing to an inscription which was painted in black letters thereon, saluted the cornet, and went his way. Pierce looked up, and read—

"*Lieutenant-Governor's Office.*

"*Open the outer door and then knock—shut it, and walk in.*"

"This is very civil," said Pierce; "but what's the use of knocking, when I am ordered to walk in?"

However, he thought it prudent not to exhibit any want of discipline previous to his *début* in the supposed character of a criminal; and, without further investigation of the solecism, he opened the outer door, knocked at another which he found inside, shut the former, opened the latter, and walked in.

The first object which saluted the cornet on his entrance into the fatal office, was a large screen, so placed as to secure those who were seated near the fire-place, and within its concavity, from receiving any casual blast which a neglect of the above-mentioned directions might occasion. On one side of a table, covered with various papers, of official dimensions, sat in a wide and high-backed arm-chair, the spare figure of a sexagenarian. A better subject for a profile maker was, perhaps, never beheld—forehead, brow, nose, chin, all most angularly prominent—a pair of large, silver-mounted spectacles, fastened at the back of this "developement," by black strings, almost concealed the little gray eyes which twinkled behind them; a decayed specimen of the college uniform hung, unbuttoned, on the skeleton shoulders of the veteran, and exposed the languid tie of a rusty black neckcloth; this was relieved by a white waistcoat, whose profuse decoration of pea-shaped buttons, showed the distant period of its creation; dark blue woven pantaloons covered a pair of legs which had long ceased to make any demand upon their elasticity; and boots of the once popular Hessian formation, completed the equipment of the lieutenant-governor.

On the other side of the table, and immediately opposite to his chief, sat a pale, intelligent-looking officer, in whose delicate figure were combined the persons of both the adjutant and paymaster of the establishment *multum in parvo*—Lieutenant Index had undertaken to perform the duties of both situations: he also aided with his counsel the decisions of the lieutenant-governor; nay, some went so far as to say, that many of

the measures, which ostensibly emanated from the commandant, had their origin in the small, but clear head of the pale-faced adjutant and paymaster.

Be that how it might, one circumstance was remarkable, namely, that whatever communications were made to the lieutenant-governor in his office—whether proceeding from visits of ceremony, or visits of business—whether resulting from the *espionage* of the sergeant, the complaints of the professors, or the less momentous applications of the officers of the senior department—Adjutant and Paymaster Index was invariably seen to occupy the same position in which he was now found by the cornet.

This might be accidental, to be sure, but certainly was rather a peculiar coincidence; and, to the officers of the senior department, was a coincidence extremely annoying: for many, who would gladly have testified their acknowledgments of the lieutenant-governor's uniform attention to their wishes, by paying their respects to him, or whose private business required a private and confidential communication, were deterred from either purpose, by this perpetual presence of his adviser.

"Mr. Butler, Sir," said the adjutant, having reconnoitred our hero through his glass, and satisfied himself of his identity.

The lieutenant-governor raised his head, made a civil inclination of his body towards our hero, and pointing to a vacant chair, which stood immediately next to, and was of equal magnitude to that which he himself occupied, requested that the cornet would be seated.

Pierce complied with all the direct obedience of a soldier, planting himself, with much firmness, in the low-seated and high-backed *fauteuil;* and the commandant increased the amicable appearance of the scene, by still further approximating his own chair to that on which our hero was seated.

Having thus established himself and the cornet in juxta-position, the old gentleman deliberately removed his silver-mounted spectacles, and deposited them upon a fragment of foolscap paper, which was specially appropriated to that purpose; then opening and closing his eyelids in quick succession—a constitutional habit, which the recent removal of the spectacles, perhaps, augmented—he brought his face as near to that of the cornet—as a nose of more than ordinary length would permit him, and pointing with one hand to an official paper, which was held by the other, he thus addressed our hero:—

"I perceive, Mr. Butler, by the weekly reports of the senior department, which are sent in to me by the professor of mathematics, that you have been for many days absent from the hall of study, and as this, you must be aware, is a very irregular proceeding, I have sent for you in order to make some observations to you on the circumstance."

The cornet felt quite relieved at this disclosure of his offence, which, he felt confident, would no longer be considered such, after the lieutenant-governor had heard the explanation which he was prepared to give. He, therefore, without embarrassment, not only admitted the fact of non-attendance in the hall of study, but absolutely ventured on a justification of his neglect.

"Having already gone through Euclid, Sir," said he, addressing the lieutenant-governor, "and the additional examples in Dalby's Mathematics—being the next part of the college-course, a part, which, you know, colonel, requires much thought, and a quiet position for the exercise of it—I discontinued my attendance at the hall, and worked out the examples in my own room."

A smile of compassion illumined the pale cheek of the lieutenant-governor, when the cornet ceased, and he immediately replied—

"Believe me, my good Sir, you are under a great

mistake if you imagine that the knowledge of Dalby's Mathematics can be acquired in any other manner than which you say you have acquired a knowledge of Euclid. The halls of study, as the name denotes, are exclusively intended for the study of the different sciences which are taught at the college; there you have tables, black boards, drawers, chalk, every possible accommodation, most liberally furnished by the government; the professors and porters in regular attendance; a constant supply of fire and water; excellent air, too, and light; only a healthy walk from your quarters; in short, I cannot conceive any apartments better suited to the purposes for which they were designed than the halls of study."

"I assure you, colonel," replied the cornet, "no one can be more sensible of the advantages of the halls of study than myself; but really the students are so noisy, that I find it impossible to abstract my attention sufficiently for the consideration of such intricate questions as are contained in Dalby; and then our numbers are so great, that really one cannot have Mr. Evelyn's assistance above twice during the whole forenoon; in fact, we are constantly obliged to pelt each other with chalk cloths and slate pencil, in order to make out the time which must elapse between the professor's visits."

"Chalk cloths and slate pencil!" exclaimed the lieutenant-governor; "dreadful extravagance—terrible waste of public money. Chalk cloths!—(here he nodded at the adjutant, who, appearing to understand his wish, immediately wrote a few words on the paper which was before him)—great waste—great waste—I never heard of this before—chalk cloths!"

"Oh, Sir," said Pierce, fearing he had proved too much in his argument against the hall of study, "there is never any harm done, I assure you, nor any interruption to business: for it is only those who are waiting for Mr. Evelyn's assistance that amuse them-

selves in this manner; and the worst that happens is a little powdering; I only mentioned the circumstance to account for my preferring to work out the additional examples at home."

"But, my good Sir," replied the lieutenant-governor, "how can you possibly work out an additional example without the assistance of the professor? —how can you possibly tell when you are right?" Pierce was astonished beyond measure at this inquiry of the lieutenant-governor, the answer to which appeared to him so self-evident; he, however, avoided any expression of surprise, and contented himself with simply stating that, "he always considered himself right when the result which he brought out, corresponded with that given in the book, and which was always appended to the question."

The lieutenant-governor folded his arms, dropped his chin on his neckcloth, frowned, and seemed, for a few moments, to resign himself to the consideration of the conclusion inferred by the cornet; the pause was broken, however, by a significant nod from Index, which led to the lieutenant-governor's resignation of the position which he had assumed in his discussion with our hero, to whom he now addressed himself in a more subdued tone, and with a different argument.

"But, Mr. Butler," said he, "your name has been returned absent for the last fortnight; and that, you must be aware, is very irregular. How can I give a satisfactory account of your progress to the general officers, who are about to be present at the examinations, unless your name is in the weekly reports?"

"I believe, Sir," said Pierce, "Professor Evelyn is prepared to give you a satisfactory statement of my progress."

"My good Sir," replied the lieutenant-governor, rather nettled at being thus combated by the cornet on every point, "Professor Evelyn's statement would prove nothing, unless corroborated by the weekly

report: nor will your knowledge of Euclid, or Dalby, or any thing else, be of the least assistance, unless your name be in the weekly report. When the weekly reports are presented by me to the general officers, and that it is there seen you have been, for a considerable time, absent from the hall of study, they will at once be convinced that you know nothing: whereas, if your name were to appear regularly in the weekly reports, no doubt could possibly be entertained of your proficiency."

The cornet now saw clearly, that attendance in the the hall, no matter how unprofitable, was considered a *sine qua non* by the lieutenant-governor; he, therefore, did not attempt to contest the point any further, but immediately professed his readiness to prosecute his future studies in any manner most agreeable to the lieutenant-governor. This declaration had the desired effect; the commandant said, that he was, from the first, convinced that Pierce would, on consideration, view the subject in a rational point of view: and accompanying an offer of his hand, with one of his most affable smiles, he imprinted the form of his tendinous digits upon the cornet's palm, and suffered him to depart.

CHAPTER XV.

SETTLEMENTS.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

SHAKSPEARE.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like the oath in the mouth of a cheating gamester, is ever most used as their truth is most questioned.

POPE.

"WHAT does the rector mean, James?" said Mr. Butler, of Ballybutler, to his brother of Grange Park, handing him at the same time a letter, the contents of which he had just perused; "this is at least the tenth letter I have received from Mr. Lovett, and we don't appear to be more advanced than at starting."

"What does his lady mean? you would say," replied Jem. "The rector composed about as much of that letter as I did."

"Oh, but the lady has honoured me with her avowed composition also," replied Mr. Butler; "for here are two despatches from the Glebe—one from the rector, and the other from Mrs. Lovett."

"Let me have a look at both of them," said James; "It is not always easy to see what these women are at."

Uncle James took the open letters from his brother's hand, and laid them upon his own knee; then drawing out a rather antiquated shagreen case from the breast pocket of his long green riding-frock, commenced operating upon the tortoise-shell spectacles,

which were therein contained, with the tattered corner of a chocolate-coloured silk handkerchief.

"I told you, brother"—continued Jem, accompanying his discourse with a circular movement of the first finger and thumb of i. right hand on the respective glasses—"I told you, wh.. this business commenced, that the old woman was not to be trusted. I cautioned you against her tricks; and, mark my words, she'll humbug you if she can: but let me see what this is all about."

The spectacles having been duly cleansed and adjusted, and the chocolate-coloured fragment replaced, uncle James took up the rector's letter, and read as follows:—

"*Leemount Glebe, Saturday.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Although my reply to your proposition of the 13th was such as might lead you to suppose that the terms therein conveyed were satisfactory to me; yet I trust, on your giving due deliberation to the circumstances which have since occurred, that you will see the propriety of my expecting a more liberal provision in the event of this negotiation terminating as we wish. The expenses attendant upon a domestic establishment, how prudent soever the parties may be, are, as you will allow, necessarily considerable; and when we look forward to future contingencies, the uncertainty of human life, and the various casualties incidental to mankind, the subject appears important, more with regard to the pecuniary requisites of the future than those of the present. The profession of your son naturally augments that anxiety which all parents must feel upon a like occasion, and renders the necessity of an appropriate arrangement the more imperative. The possibility (which God forbid) of my daughter being deprived of her natural protector, and left, perhaps, encumbered with the cares of a young and helpless

family, creates in my mind an indescribable apprehension, and increases my conviction of the reasonableness of my feeling that a greater degree of *confidence* should be placed in my daughter. With this view of the subject, I have deemed it prudent to interdict the correspondence between your son and my daughter, which indeed I regret having ever permitted. I have written to him to that effect, and trust that no attempt will be made on his part to renew the communication, which may be productive of impolitic excitement until such terms are offered by you as we can conscientiously accede to."

Uncle James replaced the rector's letter upon his knee, took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes, and looked full in his brother's face; and then readjusting the spectacles, he returned the letter which he had read, and commenced that of Mrs. Lovett.

"Well, James, what do you think of that?" said Mr. Butler.

"Stop a little," said James, "let me get to the end of this manœuvre;" and clearing his throat, read as follows:—

"My dear Sir,

"It is with feelings of indescribable pain that I now address you; indeed, I hardly know how to express myself, in order to impress upon you the consciousness of my motives and those of Mr. Lovett, respecting this most unpleasant business; but I am sure you will see that we have been completely mistaken as to your ultimate intentions, and that we could not have considered your letter of the 13th as final. Indeed, I become quite overpowered with apprehension whenever I think of poor Susan's future prospects, and distressed beyond measure at Mr. Lovett having allowed things to go on so far; but I assure you it was all out of consideration for your son, and entirely in order to tran-

quilize his feelings, which we knew were so much engaged. I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I sincerely feel the disappointment which Mr. Lovett's letter must occasion him; but you know, my dear Mr. Butler, what the feelings of a parent must be on an occasion of this kind; and I trust you will see the necessity of Mr. L.'s putting a stop to the correspondence. Pray excuse this hurried and unconnected letter; my feelings are so much excited that it is both painful and difficult for me to write; but I could not allow Mr. Lovett to say any thing that might appear harsh, without at the same time informing you how much I am affected by the unhappy circumstances.

"Believe me,

"My dear Mr. Butler,

"Yours most sincerely,

"E. LOVETT."

James Butler again took off his spectacles, again rubbed his eyes, and again looked at his brother, who, anxiously expecting a verdict on the evidence which had been produced, assailed him with the interrogatory,

"Well, James, well, what do you think of it?"

"That Mother Lovett is a rogue, and her husband a fool," replied the other.

"Not quite so bad, I hope, James," said Mr. Butler; "and yet this letter of Mr. Lovett's does appear most extraordinary; nearly six months have we been writing, talking, sending messages, drawing up sketches of settlements, adding and altering, every disposition evinced by me to accommodate; nay, many points conceded in order to satisfy them; and now comes Mr. Lovett, and talks of "a more liberal provision—want of confidence in his daughter—terms to be offered by me, and what not—"

"Ay, brother," replied James, "and it is your concessions and accommodations that you may thank for

all this; you gave the old woman the inch, and she is now trying for the ell."

"Allowed Pierce to correspond with his daughter," continued Mr. Butler, not appearing to have heard what fell from his brother; "indeed, I believe the poor fellow was in full expectation of his happiness being completed some time this month; and now, when we thought all difficulties had been overcome—But they cannot think seriously of breaking it off; Mr. Lovett can never evade his acceptance of my last proposition."

"Ay, but his wife can," replied James, "and will, if you are fool enough to let her do so. Recollect Methold's business; were not the wedding clothes made for this very same young lady, and when the old woman found that his father would not come down with the settlement she wanted, didn't she break off the match, and turn the poor fellow out of the house?"

"True," said Mr. Butler; "but here is a clear, distinct proposition, accepted of in the most unqualified terms too—written documents to prove the fact—my letter to Mr. Lovett, offering to make Pierce's allowance one thousand a year, with a jointure of eight hundred to his daughter—and Mr. Lovett's reply, which states, that 'he has much pleasure in accepting the terms I propose.' Now, my good James, let me ask you how any honourable man can get out of that? how any man of principle or consistency can avoid the fulfilment of his promise, expressly, unequivocally worded as it is, in his own handwriting?"

"Honour! principle! consistency!" exclaimed James, echoing his brother, and becoming rather warmer in his manner. "Why, to hear you talk, brother, one would think that the rector was master in his own house, and at liberty to exercise his own judgment in the affairs of his family. What have honour and principle to do with women, or women with them? Consistency! do you suppose such trifles stand in their way? I protest to you, so little confidence have I in either the principles

or practice of such a scheming beldame as old Mother Lovett, that if her object were only to be attained by her husband perjuring himself, so help me heaven, I think she would not hesitate in urging him to do so!"

"But see, James, her letter is really kind and conciliating; it contains none of those violent expressions which the rector uses: she appears to regret that any misunderstanding should have occurred—nay, even endeavours to qualify Mr. Lovett's harshness, and—"

"Pish!" said James, interrupting his brother, after many manifestations of impatience, "all humbug—all humbug. I am astonished, brother, that you, old soldier as you are, cannot see through this woman's plausibility. That smooth-worded scrawl of hers is just written for the purpose of making the other go down—a lump of sugar after the physic—all humbug. That letter is just as unlike Mrs. Lovett as the other is unlike the rector. What do you suppose a cold-blooded woman like that cares about your feelings, or your son's feelings, or any other feelings but her own?"

"Well, but her daughter—surely she would have some consideration for her daughter in this case," said Mr. Butler.

"Ha! ha!" said James, "What does Ariosto say?—

> Doves are not hatched by hawks—the tripping doe
> Ne'er learn'd her swiftness from the unwieldy cow."

Uncle James was not much of a literary character; but, somehow or other, had once, when in London, come across a translation of Ariosto's Satires, at an old book-stall: and finding that many of the sentiments therein contained accorded exactly with his own ideas upon the same subjects, he treasured up in his memory, the chosen lines, and was always delighted when an apt occasion presented itself for supporting his own opinion by that of the poet.

"Don't you think," continued he, "that the mother knows her own daughter? Don't you think she has impressed upon her the folly of marrying for love—the imprudence of making any engagement—the necessity for an ample jointure—the advantage of not suffering her feelings to be much engaged? Yes, yes, as Ariosto says,

> He that would safely wed, should learn with care
> The mother who, and what the sisters are.

Depend upon it, her daughter's feelings or your son's either, or her own character, or her husband's principles, won't stand at all in the way of her scheme; and although the wedding clothes were made, and the wedding cake ordered, she'd sell the one and eat the other, sooner than give up the jointure of a thousand a-year, which she has set her heart on."

"If that be the case," said Mr. Butler, "it is the more incumbent upon me to be firm. Indeed I fear that the dispositions which I have hitherto shown to accommodate, have not been met by that corresponding return which I had a right to expect. But what is to be done, James? what course are we to pursue with this scheming lady?"

"Write and tell her that you won't settle one shilling more upon her daughter than you have already agreed to; let her see you are not to be humbugged by her abominable tricks; tell her she may dictate to the Rector of Leemount Glebe, but she is not to carry her despotism into Ballybutler; throw back their own words to them, brother; gentle means won't do with a hard-mouthed animal like her."

The old bachelor had risen in the earnestness of his advice, and began to walk off his enthusiasm in rapid strides up and down the dining-room, where Mr. Butler left him, and retired to his study for the purpose of composing an answer to the rector's extraordinary communication.

En attendant the result of Mr. Butler's labours, it may be as well to consider what grounds existed for the old bachelor's vehemence and indignation, and whether the conduct of the ruling lady at the Glebe was really so unprincipled as his violent expressions would seem to assert.

To arrive at a just conclusion on this question, we must carefully investigate the several details, and shall therefore revert to the eventful period mentioned in a former chapter, when the departure of the cornet in the Shamrock packet was attended by the despatch of a note to Ballybutler.

This note, though short, contained nothing less than a joyful statement that Susan had at length consented to reward the cornet's long attachment; conditionally, however, requiring that he should not consider her committed to any engagement, but allowing him to address her father upon the preliminaries. Pierce added his earnest request that a negotiation might be opened between the high authorities, and that the result should be speedily communicated to him.

A letter was accordingly written by Mr. Butler—meeting agreed to by Mr. Lovett—the intended fortunes of the young people stated—demands made—time for consideration required—and a correspondence commenced.

In the course of this correspondence, Mr. Lovett evinced an anxiety to have the whole sum of £1,200, intended by Mr. Butler for his son's fortune, settled as a jointure upon the lady. To this the cornet's father objected, thinking that one half, in addition to her own portion of £600, a provision proportionate to the fortunes of each. After, however, a long interchange of letters, and many personal interviews, Pierce's kind-hearted parent, feeling for the state of suspense in which his son and Susan were kept, made an increase of £2,000 to his first offer, which proposition Mr. Lo-

vett accepted. In drawing up the settlements, however, an effort was made by the Lovetts to obtain their original demand, and the attorney was instructed accordingly; but Mr. Butler discovered the trick in time, and the result of his objections to overlook it was that letter at which his bachelor brother of Grange Park was so indignant.

That Mr. Lovett had been guilty of a breach of faith, in trying to evade those terms which he had unequivocally agreed to, is most certain; but great allowances must be made for the natural anxiety of parents on such occasions; and the circumstance of Mr. Butler having once yielded, no doubt encouraged the Lovetts to persist in their demand—that is to say, encouraged Mrs. Lovett, for we must exonerate the rector from being more than an active instrument in the hands of his wife. To a cool, calculating mother, like that of Susan, the conciliating disposition of Mr. Butler presented an irresistible field for the exercise of her diplomacy; and knowing the extent to which the feelings of Pierce were engaged, and the high place which he held in the affection of his parents, she naturally speculated on the influence of the son in aiding her efforts to overcome the objections of the father. Her little knowledge of human nature had led her to imagine, that the previous preparations, and consequent excitement, were all contributory to the end which she had in view, and that the more advanced were the arrangements, and the more apparent satisfaction was manifested among all parties, the more readily would that final condition be granted, without which, she had in her own mind determined the marriage should not take place. But

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,

particularly when not assisted by principle; and Mrs. Lovett found, too late, that our hero possessed and

practised the latter quality to an extent far beyond her expectations.

The answer agreed upon between Mr. Butler and his brother, ran as follows:—

"*Ballybutler.*"

"My dear Sir,

"It was with feelings both of regret and disappointment, that I read your letter of yesterday, having felt confident, after your reply to my letter of the 13th, that we had arrived at a perfect understanding and final adjustment of the points in question; the subsequent circumstances to which you refer, ought not, in my opinion, to affect the basis of the agreement. I have already expressed my willingness to believe the alterations made by your attorney in the sketch of settlement were inadvertent: and I cannot allow myself to think that you would ground my compliance with your demand upon errors which are at variance with the basis agreed upon.

"No one can be more convinced than myself of the considerable and unforeseen expenses incidental to a respectable establishment, and I readily grant the necessity of a secure and suitable provision for your amiable daughter, in whom, be assured, we all feel the most perfect confidence. But you must allow me to observe, that these points have been long since discussed and decided on, and that in making the concession contained in my letter of the 13th, I did so with the full intention of meeting your views to the utmost of my power.

"Possessing, as I do, your unqualified acceptance of the proposition contained in the letter alluded to, I cannot reasonably be expected to accede to any further alteration of the settlement; and I trust that, after you have given the subject that consideration which it requires, you will agree with me in no

longer wishing to delay the happiness of the young people.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Yours, very truly,
"P. BUTLER."

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Butler received the following laconic reply:—

Leemount Glebe.

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your letter of yesterday, I beg leave to state, that during the late correspondence which has passed between us, feelings have arisen which never existed before. I abstain from troubling you with further explanation, and shall merely add my wish that this unpleasant discussion should now be terminated.

"I remain, dear Sir,
"Your most obedient,
"WM. LOVETT."

Mr. Butler's irritation, and his brother's rage, on the perusal of this last letter, were extreme. Uncle James walked up and down the room, shook his stick, knocked it against the floor, and heaped upon Mrs. Lovett every abusive epithet with which his memory could furnish him, and which his rage would permit him to utter.

When the storm had subsided, the state of affairs was deliberately discussed; and James had not much difficulty in making his brother sensible, that all Mrs. Lovett's manœuvring and opposition were for the purpose of obtaining an increased settlement; and that as to the feelings which she stated had arisen, they were feelings of annoyance at the failure of her plans, and not, as Mr. Butler imagined, feelings of offence at expressions which he might inadvertently have used

during the correspondence. They fully agreed upon the unprincipled conduct of the Lovetts, and when they separated for the night, Mr. Butler assured his brother, that he was determined neither to become the dupe of the rector nor his lady.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHORT CASTLE.

ARRANGEMENT WITH DENNIS.

——— Curisque ingentibus æger,
Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
VIRGIL.

Come, he hath hid himself among those trees.
SHAKSPEARE.

PIERCE bore the communication of the circumstances which have just been related, with a firm composure, widely contrasted with his internal feeling. This self-command was a striking feature in our hero's character; however painfully, however unexpectedly, did misfortunes befall him, no trace of their effects was visible in his appearance or deportment; his intelligent features wore the same calm expression—his gentle manners retained the same quiescence; and, perhaps, when a more than usual portion of cheerfulness was visible in his countenance, it was when extremest suffering oppressed his heart—

For many an aching mind, and burning heart,
Hid under guise of mirth is often seen.

This suppression of feeling did not, however, al-

ways lead to resignation; cases did, of course, occur, where his philosophy told him that endurance was the only alternative. But when the means of relief existed, when the bare possibility of success presented itself to his imagination, Pierce grasped at the chance, planned in his own mind all the details of execution, and, under a smooth, unruffled front, carried the morbid working of wounded feelings, and the burning energy of the most chivalrous resolves.

In the present instance, his expectations had been severely and cruelly disappointed. A long and hopeless attachment, years of pain and suffering, had been rewarded by that affection which alone could restore him to happiness; love gladdened the present, expectation the future; the wreath of joy appeared suspended over him by a silken thread, which a few days would sever: now it was dashed away, and blighted hope rolled in upon the clouded circle of futurity.

The substance of the correspondence between Mr. Butler and the Lovetts had been communicated to him in a letter from his mother, who, after stating the facts, and observing, that every means short of compromising his consistency, and the other interests of his family, had been used by Mr. Lovett, concluded by condoling with her son on the unfortunate issue of the negotiation, and recommending him to bury, in the active employment of his profession, an attachment which it appeared hopeless to encourage.

But Pierce was not to be thus dissuaded. He had not fostered a flame so long, thus violently to quench its blaze; he had not heard that sweet disclosure, which, dropping, half retained, from lips that seemed afraid to give it utterance, fell a balsam on his heart, and woke his soul to happiness, thus easily to dash it from his memory; he had not loved, and felt he was beloved, thus quickly to suppress a deeply-

cherished fire, and cast into oblivion the divinity of its adoration.

Without hesitation, Pierce immediately decided upon repairing to Ballybutler, and from thence endeavouring to open some communication either with Susan herself, or with any member of the establishment at the Glebe, whom he might find disposed to assist him.

On his arrival at home, he found that the Lovetts were about to change their residence to the neighbourhood of Mallow, the rector having been lately appointed to the living of Rock-forest, situated near that town. The young ladies and their mother, he understood, were on a visit to Mrs. Braddel, of Short Castle, near Mallow, where they were to remain while the new Glebe was undergoing repairs, to which process the rector's attention was daily directed.

The late correspondence having precluded any farther communication between the families, and Pierce himself entirely coinciding with the views of his father, he did not attempt addressing either Mr. or Mrs. Lovett, but started in the mail for Mallow, the night after his arrival at home, hoping to effect a private meeting with Susan, and then organize some plan for their future proceedings.

It was just daybreak as the mail passed the picturesque ruins of Mourne Abbey, and, winding round the hill on which once stood the proud retreat of the brave knights hospitallers, permitted but a transient glance of the venerable pile, through the long arms of the aged oaks which crossed the road. Pierce was now little more than three miles from the home which at present sheltered Susan, and his heart beat with nervous expectation as the varied and extensive ruins faded from his view, and the majestic Blackwater rolled before him.

Soon the picturesque but straggling suburb of Ballydangin denoted the entrance to the town of Mallow, and the coach passed rapidly along the clay-built

walls, and through the motley and numerous population, who, even at that early hour, issuing from their humble dwellings, swarmed along the road to witness the progress of the enlivening vehicle. Down the smooth descent which leads upon the bridge, the more youthful part of this cheerful band followed; nor did their escort cease until the bags, passengers, and parcels, were safely deposited, the horses changed, and the mail, in continuation of its course, was again in motion.

Although Short Castle was situated on the road to Limerick, to which city the couch was destined, the cornet thought it advisable to take advantage of the delay at Mallow, and the proffered assistance of a bare-legged product of Ballydangin, at once to proceed with the object of his expedition; and having been pointed out at the entrance to the castle, not a quarter of a mile from the main street of the town, he cautiously passed under the gateway, and advancing along the avenue which led to the venerable dwelling commenced reconnoitring the approaches in its rear, under the protection of a thick buck hedge, which guarded his front, and served as an enclosure to the holly grove which flourished behind it.

His observations had not long continued, when a person, having a dirty white fustian jacket under his arm, a pair of equally clean leather under-garments on his legs, which were also extravagantly decorated with long stockings, acting in the capacity of socks, walked leisurely from the house, and proceeded to apply one of two large keys which he carried to the stable door. Pierce at once recognised Dennis Hogan, Mr. Lovett's groom, coachman, and occasional valet —for Dennis, possessing great versatility of talent, acted, when required, in all or either of these several capacities. No omen could have been more favourable to the cornet. Dennis and he had often been at the

finding of a hare, or the killing of a bag fox, when the former was huntsman to Mr. Hawke's harriers; he had also continued his acquaintance when the huntsman was promoted into the establishment of Mr. Lovett, and more than once had elicited Dennis's "Long life to your honour!" by furnishing him with the means of buying whiskey and tobacco.

Dennis Hogan and the cornet were, in short, on the very best possible terms, and our hero did not hesitate in at once issuing from his ambuscade, and applying for his friend's assistance.

To clear the hedge, and give Dennis a note for Susan, and a guinea for himself, were the work of a moment; the faithful groom hastened to render value for the liberal donation, and the cornet remained concealed until his emissary's return.

A considerable time elapsed before the groom's return, during which Pierce resumed his station in the holly grove; here he paced between the trees in violent agitation, hoping, yet doubting, that his request for one moment's interview with Susan would be complied with.

"If she will only let me see her for one moment," said he; "if I can simply tell her the facts—can explain to her the unfeeling, unprincipled manner in which her mother has acted, I am convinced she would not hesitate in adopting the only means that can secure our happiness."

But this much wished for moment was denied, for Dennis now returned with a dolorous countenance, bearing back the cornet's note, which had not even been opened; it was enclosed in one from Susan, evidently written under the most painful feelings, and which stated that the extreme *surveillance* which she underwent from her sister Eleanor, who was instructed by Mrs. Lovett to prevent and report any effort that the cornet might make to see Susan, completely deprived her of the means of free communication. She

concluded by beseeching him "not to risk a discovery by remaining on the grounds; as, were his visit made known to her mother (which even now she feared it would, Eleanor having seen his note), it would so incense her, as to render their union utterly hopeless."

Pierce, though bitterly disappointed, hesitated not to comply with the wishes of Susan, and, with a heavy heart, was about to leave the place; still, however, unwilling to give up the hope of an interview, on which, he felt, alone depended the chance of prevailing upon her to consent to an elopement, he committed his cause into the hands of his friend Dennis Hogan, whom he requested verbally to inform Susan of the object of his visit, to impress upon her the necessity of adopting the only means that were now left, and to inform him of the result of this communication.

Dennis promised faithfully to execute the task with which he was intrusted; and Pierce, cheering at any thing like a hope of success, bounded to the gate, and was soon far on the road to Cork.

Not many days after the cornet's arrival at Ballybutler, the following letter, bearing the Mallow post-mark, was handed him:—

"*Short Castle, Jan.* 181—.

"HONORED SUR:

"I am very sorry to in form you, that some one have told my missis that you was hear that mornin, an she cacetice me a Bout id, wish i denide id All, and the told her that i had rescived from your honor that mornin notes for the young miss, but she Nor no other parson Do Not no any thing of the other thing, and missis she war so angered, wish she guv me Notice for to laive her sarvice, honored Sur i Must umbly beg your pardon for the favur of given Me a karakter for to get me a nuther Citieshin, or if Sur your honor wud heer uv a Citieshin that wud shute me to Let me no, Sur i shud be very much a blige to you, Sur i have live with

Minister Luvet goin on 4 year, wish he never Made any complaynt of Me be fore, wish i am very sorry for, as it is secret i will not tell nobody of id. Miss Susan God bless her! she ask Me on Monday mornin uv i had seen you sense that mornin, wish I sed not, an she towld me uv i get notes agin not to giv um to any won but herself, wish I will do, an Sur I will be happy to wait on your notes Sur at any time with Gratis of pleasur Sur, an if your honor will do me that mush Sur, i shud be very much oblige to your honor.

"from your Umble Sarvant
"to command,
"D. Hogan."

"P.S.—An Sur will you plase to let me no, if you can do that mush Sur, wish i am very sory for thrublin your honor, it is all unnonse to my fellow sarvants Sur, an i will not tell them, i shud very mush like a Grume's Citieshin Sur, as well as Cochemun.

"D. H."

"Poor Dennis," said Pierce, after he had, with considerable difficulty, made out the meaning of this scrawl. "you shall certainly not be a sufferer for your innocent exertions in my cause; but," continued he, after again looking at those parts of the letter which most interested him, "these inquiries of Susan's look well. Oh, if I could but see her! if I could have one moment's conversation—she never would hesitate."

The cornet continued for some time to think, and wish, and speculate; and, after the quick formation, and as rapid destruction of various plans, came at last to the vigorous decision of carrying the citadel by a *coup-de-main*.

This was worthy of a student of the Royal Military College, and was no sooner resolved upon than measures were taken for its execution. Dennis was written to, to meet the cornet in Cork, another situation being

ensured him, after he had performed the needful in the cornet's service. No particulars of the proposed plan were communicated, as Pierce thought it more prudent to state his intention personally, than trust to the doubtful medium of the post.

Dennis lost no time in complying with the cornet's instructions; and, the day after the receipt of his letter, received his wages and discharge from Mrs. Lovett, and departed for Cork.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CORNET'S ATTEMPT AT ELOPEMENT.

Away, away, away,
He loves and he rides away.

Song

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon ———

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily.

SHAKSPEARE.

DENNIS brought to the cornet the welcome intelligence that Mr. and Mrs. Lovett were gone for a few days to Rock-forest, in order to expedite by their presence (at least by Mrs. Lovett's) the tardy operations of the labourers and artificers who were employed in remodelling the new Glebe, according to the direction of the omnipotent lady. Pierce was too sensible of the benefit which this temporary absence of the vigilant commandant afforded him, not to take immediate advantage of the circumstance, and having communicated his plan of attack on the citadel of Short Castle

to his faithful squire, secured a conveyance by the coach on the morning after the arrival of Dennis. Pierce went inside the coach, and Dennis on the top, disguising himself with the cornet's regimental cloak in such a manner that he completely escaped discovery. It was about dusk when they arrived at the Shamrock, and Dennis immediately started to reconnoitre, as he called it.

His reconnoissance commenced at the other inn, where he knew Mr. Lovett was sure to be heard of, if by any accident he might have returned; and luckily for Pierce he did so, for almost the first person that Dennis met in the yard, was Mr. Lovett's new coachman, who stated that his master and mistress had not been in ten minutes, but that they were going to-morrow or next day to the new residence.

Dennis immediately ran back to the Shamrock with the unwelcome intelligence, with which Pierce was quite thunderstruck, as he fully calculated upon Mr. and Mrs. Lovett's absence, and that consequently every facility would be afforded him for carrying off Susan: but the knowledge of her father and mother's presence made him hesitate, and his resolution faltered.

"Do you think Mr. Lovett would follow?" said he to Dennis.

"Edad, I don't know, Sir," was the reply; "the minister is mighty passionate when he's in a rage, and then if he isn't, the missis will set him on, and then there's no holding him."

"He could get horses," said Pierce, musing, and not having heard above one half what Dennis had uttered, "as easily as I could—and so short a start—he might come up with us, and then—" continued he, turning to Dennis, "I shouldn't like to hurt him."

"No, Sir, 'twould be a pity, for he's mighty tinder to Miss Susan."

"No, I never could raise my arm against him," said Pierce; "we must wait until he goes. When do you say he goes, Dennis?"

"Why, the new sarvant tells me to-morrow, or next

day, your honour, and I thinks myself 'twill be to-morrow, for the minister does not like travelling on a Sunday."

"Then we will take her off on Monday night," said Pierce. "Do you know what Mr. Braddel's family consists of?—only women, I believe."

"Och, that's all, Sir—there's the old woman and three young ones; and there's two sarvant maids—that's Betty the housemaid, which I'm well known to—and Nel Howly, the cook, that won't stop us, I'll be bail; and there's Miss Eleanor, you know, Sir."

"Ay, there is," said Pierce, "and since her own disappointment about ———, she has been the veriest old maid I ever saw, watching, and listening, and giving advice; she is the worst of the whole party to deal with. Dennis, you must get somebody to stop her mouth while we are putting Miss Susan into the chaise."

"Oh! I'll be bail we'll stop her, Sir—why then, 'tis true for you, Sir, that she's the worst of them all; she does be watching Miss Susan for all the world like a governess, and cautioning the sarvants about bringing notes from you, Sir, and such like; indeed, I thinks she's worse than the old missis herself."

"She is a regular duenna," said Pierce.

Dennis looked rather puzzled at this word, but concluding that must be something very bad, heartily assented to the cornet's assertion.

"Now mind, Dennis," said Pierce, "my plan is this;—a post-chaise and four will be ready within a few yards of the house, but not in view of the windows; you will knock at the door, and pretend you want to speak privately to the housemaid; she, perhaps, will open the door for you; well, you must occupy her attention; I run into the drawing-room, or wherever the ladies are sitting; you immediately follow, and the moment that you see me touch Miss Susan on the head, that moment you seize her by the feet, and we carry her off together. The post-boys will have or-

ders to drive up to the door the moment we enter the house; therefore we shall have no delay in putting her immediately into the chaise."

"Bedad, your honour has settled it nicely," said Dennis. "Oh, by the powers how we'll bother 'em all entirely."

"But you must look out for somebody to keep the girls back, in case of their running out and making a noise; have you no friends or acquaintances in Mallow, that would answer?" said the cornet.

"Lord bless you, Sir, to be sure I have; there's Jim Fagan, the saddler to the Royal Mallow Light Horse Volunteers, and Tom Rooney, of Ballindangan, and Mr. Noonan, that's butler at the castle, and Peg Welch, and her sister's son, and—"

"My good Dennis," said Pierce, interrupting him, "I don't want quite so many; any one person, that will just prevent the women from making a noise, or giving the alarm, is all that we require."

"Oh, well, Sir, make yourself aisy; no fear but I'll settle that."

"Well, now, Dennis," said Pierce, "you had better go down to Mrs. Braddel's, and find out what you can about the family; though, stop—let me see, it is past ten o'clock, and they might suspect a knock at such an hour; no, go to-morrow morning, when the maid is washing the steps, and then you will have an excellent opportunity of getting every information."

"Oh, then, if 'tis Betty that washes them, I'll be bound to have it all out of her."

"Find out," continued Pierce, "when Mr. and Mrs. Lovett leave Mallow—whether the young ladies go with them—where they are going to—who is in Mrs. Braddel's house besides, what time they dine and drink tea—what time they go to bed—whether Miss Susan is much watched—how she is looking—whether she went to the Easter ball here, last Wednesday—whether she appears happy or sad, or pale or,—in short, bring me every possible information."

"Say no more, your honour," replied Dennis, "leave me alone for squeezing it all out of Betty when I catches her in the morning."

"Very well, Dennis," said the cornet, "I depend upon you, and now you may get your supper, and go to bed; come to me the moment after you return from Mrs. Braddel's."

The faithful groom retired, and left the cornet to his own reflections. Pierce speculated with great confidence on the successful termination of his expedition, and was already transported by his imagination far on the road to Gretna Green. All difficulties vanished before his sanguine view of futurity; the bright prospects which he had formed cheered and stimulated his whole system; he sought repose, but the fancied rattling of carriage wheels, the pursuit of Mr. Lovett, or the shrieks of females, again drove sleep from his eyelids; a watchful excitement seemed entirely to possess him, and in that state remained until the appearance of Dennis in his bed-room, about eight o'clock on the following morning, awoke him to sad reality.

"Well, Dennis," said the cornet, jumping up the moment the valet entered, "what news?"

Dennis looked terribly downcast, and appeared to be in possession of information which he was unwilling to communicate.

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Pierce, with impatience. "Speak!"

"Oh! we're diddled," ejaculated Dennis.

"Diddled! what do you mean? have they found out I'm here?"

"Och! I wish 'twas no worse than that, Sir; the whole town may know you are here now, for any good you can do—Miss Susan is gone."

"Gone!" echoed Pierce; "confound that diabolical mother! Gone!—where?—when?—who is with her?—when did she go?"

Dennis replied that he had been informed by Betty,

that Miss Susan had been taken from thence, by a lady in a coach, on the very day he himself left Short Castle; who the lady was she could not tell, nor where the carriage was going, but Nell, the cook, told her she guessed it must be the widow Griffiths, of Ballyellis, a friend of the family.

"How every thing seems to combine against me," said Pierce. "Dennis, you must go immediately and find out where she is gone to—quick, get a horse—and I will have a note for you to take, by the time you are ready."

Dennis departed in search of a steed, and his breakfast; and Pierce, hurrying on his clothes, wrote as follows:—

All hope of negotiation is at an end. Oh! why hesitate to adopt the only means that are left? I must fly from you if you still object, for I am tortured with suffering; leave the tyrannic parent who would sacrifice your happiness to her own sordid vews; seek shelter in the arms of him whose life you are—falter not, fear not—say that you will consent—say that you will relieve from this load of anguish your devoted

PIERCE.

Dennis's operations on the bacon and eggs did not keep pace with his master's on the ink and paper, and the cornet's impatience was about to be made known by the bell, when his valet entered; the note had been closed and sealed, but Pierce, to avoid the possibility of its being opened by any person to whom Dennis's awkwardness might expose it, which the sight of his hand-writing might have caused, commissioned Dennis to write the direction; with a greasy left hand, therefore, the valet held the note, while his right, after much labour, affected, in most uncouth characters, the superscription of "Miss Susan Lovett," and having received strict injunctions from his master to use every precau-

tion in the delivery, and, above all things, to keep himself out of the observation of any of the family whom he might happen to meet, Dennis mounted a broken-knee'd post-horse, and proceeded on his errand.

His course was first directed to Ballyellis, the seat of the widow Griffiths, where the suspicions of Nell, the cook, had fixed the object of his search; this place was beautifully situated on the river Blackwater, whose dark and rapid stream, flowing under a noble bridge at Mallow, formed the northern boundary of Mrs. Griffith's demesne, and there washed the "fantastic roots" of many a well-grown beech and venerable oak. Dennis was not, however, to be distracted by the scenery which presented itself, as well within the demesne of Ballyellis, as on the road to that place, and he soon arrived within sight of the porter's lodge, and, as good luck would have it, close by the side of that habitation, so cheering to travellers, called, in Ireland, a shebeen-house.

Dennis thought it would be conducive to his master's interest, and to his own health, to halt at this house of refreshment, which offered not only "X water spirits," but "dry lodgin," and throwing down a glass of the former, in order to ascertain whether the statement, as to its strength, was really true, he left his horse to the enjoyment of a pail of water, and proceeded on foot towards the gate.

The cautious Dennis, however, was too prudent to enter the territory of Mrs. Griffiths in the regular way; this would, he considered, be a violation of his master's order: to avoid observation, he, therefore, quietly pulled out a stone from the demesne wall, and placing his foot in the hole which was thus caused, transferred his body to the other side with much agility. The difficulty now was to obtain information without making himself known. If he knocked at the hall-door, he would be at once discovered; if he applied to one of the servants, they might betray him:

trusted to personal observation alone, he would e himself, to a certainty, to some one of the ; in short, all modes of proceeding appeared to ended with difficulty, and he, at length, decided remaining where he was, and trusting to the pos- y of some chance passenger communicating the mation which required. In patient expecta- he paraded, sentry-like, up and down the walk ich led to the house, along the bank of the river, looking often around. Full an hour was passed in this unprofitable promenade, and yet no human being ap- red to relieve his distresses; the fact was, that the ater part of the inhabitants of Ballyellis were, like good Christians, either at church or chapel, and, except- ing a superannuated butler, who was left in charge of the house, and a bare-legged girl, stationed at the lodge, Mrs. Griffith's establishment were absent. Dennis was, therefore, obliged to wait until the tolling of the bells had denoted the exit of the several congrega- tions; soon after which, the men and maids appeared advancing towards home. Dennis was now "fairly catched," as he afterward told his master; so sudden was the onset, that he had not time to organize a retreat: and thinking it better to put a good face upon the matter, than to skulk behind the trees, or lie down in the grass, which modes first suggested themselves to him, he stepped boldly forward to meet the party; but, in the confusion of his ideas, completely neutral- ized his former precaution, for instead of cautiously sounding his way, and obtaining information in the diplomatic manner he had intended, Dennis at once proposed the important question concerning Susan, and exposed unequivocally the object of his visit.

A loud laugh from Mrs. Griffith's servants was the immediate reply to the "leading question" of Dennis, who was afterward told, to his utter disappointment, that Miss Susan left Ballyellis the preceding day for Rock-forest, Mr. Lovett's new residence.

"Tunder and turf!" exclaimed Dennis, "is she taken from us again? Oh! what will my master say at all; I see the old missis had a mind to give us a hunt? never mind, but I'll run her to ground any how;" and, without further delay, he sprung away from the servants, jumped over the wall, and was soon on the road to Rock-forest.

Rock-forest was about ten miles lower down the river, and thither Dennis rode as fast as the Shamrock post-horse could carry him. "I'll be after giving her the bit of a note," thought he, "at any rate, before the old mother comes home, and then if she doesn't do my master's bidding, why, then, 'tis her own look, and none of ours." Dennis arrived at Rock-forest about six o'clock, and speculating on the butler being well disposed towards Pierce, he did not hesitate to send him a message by a passing gossdon, to say, that a friend wanted to speak to him. Shine, Mr. Lovett's butler, soon appeared, and told him that both Miss Susan and Eleanor had arrived the day before; that the former was closely watched by the latter, who scarcely ever quitted her; that all the servants had been charged, on pain of losing their places, not to convey any communications from Pierce, and that the whole family were expected the next day.

"Well, Shine," said Dennis, "then you'll just take in this bit of a note to Miss Susan?"

"Why, man, isn't it that I'm telling you that I'm told not to do," replied Shine.

"Ah! brother, man, sure you wouldn't be after refusing Mr. Pierce?"

Shine had often partaken of the cornet's liberality, and could not resist Dennis's appeal to his gratitude; so, without further pressing, he took the note, promising to deliver it with his own hands, and unobserved by any other person. Shine was absent about a quarter of an hour, and brought back a sealed note, which, he said, was the answer.

"And what did the craiture say?" asked Dennis.

"Say, man—och! the poor thing, 'twas crying she was when she came out, and not sayin' a word, bad or good; and she took the bit of a note, and looked at the direction, and shook her head, and then peeped in under the sail; and seeing me going away, which I was, caise why, I might disturb her, and she reading, says she to me, 'Shine,' says she, 'you needn't go away,' says she, 'for I'm not going to read it at all,' says she; and with that she began to cry again, the poor craiture, and then sat down to write an answer, and put the bit of a note inside of it, and sailed 'em both up together, and gave it into my hand."

"Oh, murder!" cried Dennis; "and is't Mr. Pierce's own note I'm to take back to him, and not a word of it read, and after my writing the direction myself and all? What a pity he didn't seal it all round, and then she'd never have known who it came from; oh, murder! he'll be distracted entirely when I give him this."

So saying, Dennis put the unwelcome packet into his pocket, and bidding his friend good-by, left the manus, and sadly bent his way towards Mallow.

Pierce had passed an anxious and unhappy day. Fearing observation, he had not ventured to show himself out of doors; and it was only, when the day had closed in, that he went, under the protection of the darkness, to cool the fever of his blood in the night air. Dennis's delay caused him much surprise, and he walked in the direction of Ballydangan, in order that his suspense might be the more quickly relieved. His naturally sanguine temperament had been considerably diminished by late events, and he walked to meet Dennis, unaccompanied by those confident anticipations of success, which, at an earlier period of his life, invariably attended his projections. Disappointment had sobered his imagination---deceit had shaken his confidence. A greater knowledge of the world had taught him, that self-interest was the only standard by which

human actions could justly be calculated---that generosity and benevolence, self-devotion and magnanimity, did not hold that preponderance in the composition of mankind, which his youthful fancy had depictured---that

> ——— Men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes: and things outward
> Do draw the inward quality after them
> To suffer all alike.

Pierce had not proceeded above a mile when the stillness of the night was disturbed by the approach of Dennis, who handed him the fatal packet. Observing the seal, he found the following, written on an envelope to his own note, the latter having been sent back, unopened:—

"Oh! will you urge me to swerve from the path of duty? why thus endeavour to force me to an act which is irreconcileable with my principles—spare me, I entreat you; oblige me not thus, at the same time, to wound both your feelings and my own—all must be at an end for ever.

"S. L."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

> ——— You have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once.
> * * *
> Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now,
> As mad as the vex'd sea.
>
> *King Lear.*

"Ha! ha! ha! capital, capital," cried Atlas, holding his sides, and laughing most immoderately, while a paper which he had been reading lay before him on

one of the hall tables; "the colonel and the cornet arguing the point, must have been excellent, and Sinclair has hit it off admirably; but he ought to have brought in the adjutant."

"What's that makes you so merry, captain?" asked Tom O'Loughlin, who had been in the hall of study an hour and a half before any one else, and, after vain efforts to commit to memory the sonorous description of Mercator's projection, had now taken his coat off to the work, and was leaning over the written detail, his head embedded in his hands.

"Faith, I don't know how 'tis you have time to laugh so much; for my part, what with them *parallelopips* in Euclid, those little divils of letthers in algebra, and these *injections* that I'm now afther working at as good as two hours, I'm fairly bothered out of every bit of good-humour I had in the world."

"Come, then, Tom," said Atlas, taking up the paper alluded to; "I'll set your good humour to rights with this pretty poem that the lieutenant-governor has been composing for our amusement."

"Ah, are you in airnest?" inquired O'Loughlin, anxiously starting up from his studious attitude.

"Whist, Tom! stop till I tell you," replied Atlas, imitating the other's accent; and immediately proceeded to read, with appropriate emphasis, the following lines:

"Cornet Butler, I find that of late scarce at all
You attend (as you ought) Mr. Evelyn's hall;
And, by the reports, that for two weeks, or more,
You have never once entered the study-hall door."

"Why, colonel, to tell you the truth, I have floored
Just nine books of Euclid, and would not be bored
With trudging to college, of which I've had ample.
But rested at home on a Dalby example."

"A Dalby example! Believe me, good Sir,
That in this private mugging you greatly do err:

Fit, proper, and right, is the hall for all knowledge,
Well studied to be, that is taught at the college."

"Great Sir, I assure you, the college I view
As an edifice worthy its students and you;
But then, recollect, Sir, the Griffs are so many,
When masters they want, oft they cannot get any

Indeed, Sir, this fact is so very distressing,
And idleness frequently so very pressing,
That just to do something we pelt with slate pencil
Each other, or sometimes with the chalk utensil.'

"Slate pencil and chalk! do I hear you aright,
Cornet Butler? indeed you astonish me quite;
Mr. Adjutant, think, only think of such waste—
To amend this extravagance hasten, oh haste."

"I assure you, though, colonel, whate'er you suppose,
This pastime is hurtful alone to our clothes;
For when the professor comes forth to our aid,
Both chalk and slate pencil in peace down are laid."

"Indeed, Cornet Butler, I cannot agree
In your view of the case; further, Sir, please tell me
How in this private reading of Dalby you tell,
That your work is all right, so exceedingly well?

"How, for instance, can you, who remain all the day
From the hall, and professors, and college away;
How, I say, can you possibly tell when you're right,
If the learned Professor be not in your sight?"

"I know when I'm right, Sir, by taking a look
At the end of the question in Dalby's great book;
Where just as the lance is attached to the lancer,
So old Dalby's question adjoins Dalby's answer."

"A-hem! Sir, 'tis possible this may be true,
But your name in the weekly reports I must view;
For what can I say to the officer's board,
If your name in the weekly reports be not scored?

"What can I say to them—what will they say to me,
If your name in the weekly reports they don't see!
What avails it, good Sir, all this fagging and hurry,
If your name be not down here to show Sir George Murray!

"What nonsense you talk about progress and knowledge!
You can only be wise by the rules of the college;
You can never succeed if yourself you comport
Thus careless of laws and the weekly report.

"You can never expect, Sir, to take a degree,
Unless you attend as now stated by me;
You can never expect to receive my support,
If your name be not down in the weekly report—
Nay, your head may contain Euclid, Dalby, and all,
But 'tis nothing unless you attend in the hall."

"Well, that Senclare is a gallows bird," said O'Loughlin, who, in spite of his anxiety to conquer Mercator's projection, had listened with evident pleasure to the poetical description of the cornet's important interview with the lieutenant-governor.

"So, Tom," said the cheerful poet, who at that moment entered, "how do you get on with the *parallel-opips?*"

"Ah, Senclare," replied O'Loughlin, "you are always funnin' me—them are capital verses; but, aisy now, that's a good fellow, while I get this off, for Mr. Evelyn;" and Tom resumed his former studious attitude.

"What possessed you all to get up so early this morning?" asked Sinclair, looking round on the different students who had assembled; "I fancied myself playing the good boy, but you are all here before me."

"I believe your poem has been the means of drawing some of the lazy ones out of their nests," said the cornet: "for immediately after you sent it to our quarters, this morning, Atlas was so delighted with the subject, that he paraded up and down the terrace, reading it aloud; and on being applied to by sundry gentlemen in dressing-gowns, for a sight of the paper, declared he would not show it to any one until they came up to hall; so he soon had a suite of attendants

—and here he has been exercising their risible muscles for the last half hour."

"But, what's this I hear, Butler?" said his friend—"that you are going away—is that the case?"

"All true," replied Pierce; "I start for town this afternoon. I only came up here to take leave of Evelyn and the griffs."

t wherefore this sudden departure? Has the ant-governor's lecture frightened you?"

no means," said the cornet, "it is only a little business—a letter which I received this morning obliges me. I shan't be long away."

"Why, Butler, you blush most amiably," lisped the lancer exquisite, observing that our hero looked a little confused.

"Blush! nonsense; some of your sensibility would be necessary, in order to enable me to perform that operation. Come, mind your books, my lads; here comes Evelyn."

The worthy professor now entered, and the daily routine began, interrupted only by the affectionate leave-taking between the cornet and his much-esteemed master; who, shaking him warmly by the hand, hoped soon to congratulate him on his safe return.

But where was the cornet going, you will say, gentle reader; and wherefore this hurry?—at a time, too, when all his attention was required to prepare himself for the final examination, now not many months distant. Be assured, it was not without a cause that the considerative cornet thus risked his prospects of future honours and immortal fame. The reasons for his departure were, as he had stated to Sinclair, contained in a letter which he had that morning received; and although the contents of that letter, which was from Mrs. Butler, may not at once show the necessity for his taking such a hasty step, yet as it

contained a detail of the events on which his decision was grounded, we shall not hesitate to give it at length:—

"*Ballybutler, April,* 18—

"MY DEAR PIERCE:

"It is with deep regret that I write to inform you that your attempt at an elopement last vacation has been made known, by some kind friend, to Mr[illegible] vett, and she is now more determined, if possible, ever against you. In a reply to a letter which I lately addressed to her, she says that you are 'invading the peace [illegible] stating to the principles of those with whom you have no right to interfere; that you have compromised your honour and feelings, and endeavoured to implant distrust and dissension in a family, which, you well knew, was always united in confidence and affection; that you ought to believe, that if your object [illegible] not to be gained openly, the most manly and prudent course is to yield it at once [illegible] to sum up all, she concludes with the following metaphysical advice, as to your future conduct:—

"'Your son, my dear madam, would do wisely to consider, as I do, that it is entirely useless to keep alive a matter which can admit of no discussion, and not squander the energies of *his mind upon a violent opposition against a rational acquiescence in necessity.*'

"This is certainly very sublime; I wish it were equally characteristic of honour and honesty, neither of which qualifications this lady seems to possess. I know not what consolation to offer you, my dear boy; for when truth is not adhered to, and promises cease to be binding, to what can we look for security?

"Your father and your uncle James are violently indignant with Mrs. Lovett, to whom they attribute all the unprincipled conduct which followed our disco-

very of their scheme. The good rector, you know, had never a will of his own; and never was his subjection to his lady more to be regretted than on the present occasion; for, however deficient he may be in those more brilliant intellectual qualifications on which Mrs. Lovett so much prides herself, I am convinced that he would never willingly forfeit his honour, or commit any act unworthy the upright conduct which we should expect from a man of good feeling and principle; but what do his good intentions avail, when he is under the control of that desperate self-willed woman?

"As you may suppose, this unfortunate business is much talked of about here; and all seem to be unanimous in abuse of the despotic lady at the Glebe, and commiseration for you. They say her passion was unbounded, when she found that the trick about altering the settlement was discovered; and that poor Susan was so frightened, she dared not to make the least remonstrance: indeed, I believe she brought her children up in the constant habit of suffering disappointment without a murmur.

"Uncle James says he thinks you have had a lucky escape; for nothing will ever persuade him that a girl educated by such a mother as Mrs. Lovett, can be anything else but a counterpart of herself. But this will not, I fear, be any qualification of your sufferings; for I know you had a most confident opinion that Susan possessed both deep feeling and high principles; and, indeed, from all I have seen of her, I have every reason to think the same. However, we must submit, my dear boy, to the will of Him, who no doubt orders all things for the best.

"I hope your late hard reading has not injured your health, and that you will be rewarded for your labour at the examination.

"Your father and uncle join me in most affec-

tionate love and best wishes for your health and happiness.

"Ever, my dear Pierce,

"Your affectionate mother,

"ROSE BUTLER.

"I have just heard, that in consequence of the late event having seriously affected poor Susan's health and spirits, the Lovetts started yesterday for Boulogne, where they intend staying a few months."

The effect which this letter produced upon the highly sensitive temperament of our hero, can scarcely be described. That he who was (and deservedly) distinguished for high principle, and pure honourable feeling, even in the most trifling concerns—so scrupulously observant of his faith—so remarkable for his consideration of the feelings of others, should be now accused of compromising that honour and those feelings; accused, too, by a person who never hesitated to violate all laws, both human and divine, if the violation of them could be in any way instrumental to the accomplishment of whatever object she might have in view—were imputations so gross, so irritating, because so unjust, that Pierce could not refrain from expressions of the most violent indignation against that woman to whom he truly attributed the cause of his bitter disappointment.

"Accuse me of compromising my honour!" said he; "the unprincipled fiend! how can she talk of honour, or honesty, or feeling? Professes satisfaction with the terms offered, encourages my addresses, allows a settlement to be drawn out; and then, because her dirty, mercenary scheme (beneath the depravity of a base attorney) is detected, she induces her complying husband to break the promise which he had unequivocally given; and relying on the steadfastness of my attachment, and its effect upon the

generosity of my friends, dares to attempt to make a dupe of my excellent father. Vile, execrable woman! think you that I would urge my generous parent into a compliance with your unprincipled demands; that, taking advantage of that kind feeling which might lead him to yield his judgment to my happiness, I would support the machinations of your deep-laid scheme, and be the willing tool of your despicable artifice? No! rather let me lose all that in the world I hold most dear—rather let her be torn from me for ever, and myself doomed to a prolonged existence in unmitigated anguish, than require from the parent I honour a concession so unreasonable."

Thus Pierce expressed himself in the presence of his friend Sinclair, who, except his own family, was the only confidant of his engagement to Susan, and who, after the cornet had taken leave of Evelyn and his brother students in the hall, had accompanied him to his quarters.

"Well, but Pierce," said Sinclair, after the former had concluded his invective against Mrs. Lovett, "what do you mean to do? The old schemer's authority appears to be paramount: no doubt the young lady is under as good subjection as her papa; and therefore I don't see what chance you have of getting her without the consent of the old one; besides, you know, you have already failed in your attempt at elopement.

"I am determined to try again, notwithstanding," replied the cornet; "and it is upon that very subject I now want to consult you. I gave up the attempt too easily the last time; but now I am determined to carry her off, let the consequences be what they may."

"Bravo, my boy," said Sinclair, smiling; "you are the most desperate cavalier, for so apparently quiet a one, that I ever saw or heard of. Well, all I can say is, that you may command my services in any way

they can be available to your expedition; but how do you intend commencing operations?"

"You know the Lovetts are gone to Boulogne."

"So you mentioned; that is rather an awkward distance from the Military College."

"Oh, I shan't be long crossing from Dover; and then, if I should succeed in carrying her off, it will be so much more difficult for me to be overtaken on the continent than at home; for old Lovett can't speak a word of French, and he would be dreadfully puzzled to follow us."

"But, my dear fellow," said Sinclair, "I don't see how you will be much better off yourself; for you, I believe, have never been in France, and are not particularly *au fait* at the language; besides, how will you manage about the marriage? A Catholic priest won't do, you know."

"I have provided against both exigencies," said the cornet; "there is an old schoolfellow of my father's now in London, a clergyman; and I know it was his intention to go abroad some time this month; he is a good-natured old fellow, and I am sure will have no objection to anticipate a little his departure, and marry me *en route;* thus I shall have both priest and interpreter: and if we manage matters well, he will be of great service in expediting our flight; or, if there be no pursuit, in facilitating a more agreeable tour on the continent."

"Very agreeably made out, indeed," said Sinclair; "and pray, Mr. Student, Benedict, and Traveller, what is to become of your college honours, and final examination for your degree?"

"On that point," replied Pierce, "I must beg your assistance; not knowing how this may terminate, I have only obtained leave of absence for a fortnight, and should I fail in my attempt, I shall of course return before the expiration of that time. In case of success, however, I fear my scientific studies must be, at least

for some time, abandoned, and I would wish you at once to mention the cause to the lieutenant-governor; therefore, unless you see me back within the time I have stated, or receive a letter to any other effect, you may conclude that all is right, and may then communicate with the colonel."

Sinclair expressed his regret, that his friend should leave Sandhurst when his successful career was so near being terminated; he, however, promised faithfully to comply with the cornet's wishes, and hoped that, in any event, sooner or later, they would see him back.

The two friends bade each other an affectionate farewell; and the cornet, his wardrobe being already prepared for the expedition, departed on the next coach that passed by towards London.

CHAPTER XIX.

BARNABY BOTTOM.

———Vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque virûm.

VIRGIL.

THE cornet's expectations were not disappointed. His father's old schoolfellow was delighted to see him—said he had been for some weeks on the look-out for a *compagnon de voyage*—and at once consented to accompany Pierce, in the double capacity of chaplain and interpreter. But our readers must be introduced to this accommodating personage.

The Reverend Barnaby Bottom was old enough to have been the father of an older cornet than Pierce. Hymen had not, however, yet entangled him in his

silken bands; and it was, perhaps, from a consciousness of this independence, that he was enabled to affect a lightness and playfulness of manner, which was intended to render him agreeable to young people. Barnaby had been a traveller too—that is to say, he had been as far as the French metropolis, about the time of the Revolution, and flattered himself that he spoke the French language with the air and accent of a Parisian; he had also got up a few dialogues in the Italian and German, which he regularly fired away upon any natives of those countries whom chance threw in his way; and when this small stock of ammunition was exhausted, he always retired upon what he considered his strong fortress, the French language. This little knowledge, too, was played off with some tact, and it required more acquaintance with the world than our hero possessed, to see through the deception. Pierce, poor fellow, thought he could not have met with a more appropriate companion for his expedition than old Barnaby, whom he not only considered perfect in French, but also in German and Italian; then, as for classics, the old gentleman never made a movement without his friends Horace and Juvenal in his coat pocket. These latter acquirements were rather imposing upon the cornet, who had never got fairly through the regular verbs in the Latin grammar, and he naturally thought how valuable such a man would be, should choice or necessity lead them amid the ruins of the immortal city. Bottom, to be sure, knew nothing of music or painting; but *n'importe*—to the cornet's ear, any thing in music beyond the Irish melodies was unintelligible, if not positively disagreeable: and he saw no difference between the splendid specimens of the Italian school of painting, and the veriest sign-post daubery that ever disgraced "O'Connel's sweet Ivragh." In the history of ancient times, Bottom was but indifferently read; but then he was a great modern historian. Unceasing in his inquiries after all the great living characters of the

day, he never left a town without taking with him a most detailed account of the habits, manners, and intrigues of the principal inhabitants, all drawn from the best authorities—*videlicet*, positions, street-walkers, and *valets de place;* in short, he was a perfect scandal-monger, a delightful man for the ladies, and one who, to his other valuable acquisitions, could add a most accurate knowledge of the prices of beef and mutton in every part of Europe in which he had travelled.

Some of our readers may smile at the latter acquirement being enumerated among important branches of knowledge; but those heads of families who entertain serious ideas of going abroad for economy, will agree with us in the value of the information alluded to.

Would we could now add that the Reverend Barnaby Bottom was as portable as he was learned—that the several branches of "natural knowledge" which he possessed, were concentrated in a person of moderate bulk, and proportionate mobility; but, alas! no such *epitome in parvo* was Barnaby Bottom; and truth compels us to state, that the reverend gentleman was rather more than six feet high, of massive proportions, and weighing nearly twenty stone; he had also been, for many years, a perfect martyr to the gout, and at all times walked with considerable difficulty—indeed, perhaps the term hobble would, better than any other, describe the peculiar manner in which his perambulations were peformed.

His defect in speed was no doubt very disadvantageous to the operation in which Pierce most required the services of his friend, and he pondered more than once upon the circumstance as Barnaby crossed the little apartment which he occupied in Jermyn Street, on the evening of his arrival in town; however, he balanced his deficiencies by his acquirements, and resolved to run the chance of gout and lumbago.

Mr. Bottom, being an old traveller, took upon himself to arrange the preliminaries of the journey, and,

in pursuance of his suggestion, two inside places were taken in the Eclipse, a coach which was to leave London for Dover on the following morning. As the coach started at an early hour, Barnaby expressed his opinion that it would be advisable for both him and the cornet to sleep at the inn from whence it departed, namely, the White Bear, Piccadilly, to which Pierce most reluctantly consented, and here it was that the peculiarities of his companion's character first opened upon our hero.

When Pierce came down to breakfast on the morning of their departure, he found the old gentleman, to his great surprise, boiling with rage. For a long time he could not make out the cause of this extreme anger, and in vain repeated his inquiries; "the scoundrel," "the vulgar, ignorant rascal," were the only sounds that met his ears, while Barnaby's countenance flamed, and the whole of his cumbrous corporeal system trembled with passion.

Just at this moment the waiter entered.

"Have you brought the toast, Sir?" said the infuriate Bottom, in a voice of thunder.

"It will be ready in a minute, Sir," replied the waiter, with great submission.

"Ready! you rascal," returned the other, with increased vehemence. "I'll teach you how to behave to gentlemen; you take us, I suppose, for a pair of Cockney bagmen, or twenty pound a-year clerks of a city counting-house—and no wonder, for coming to such a d—d vulgar hole as this—but I'll inform your master, you ruffian—I'll—"

Here the old gentleman became inaudible from passion, and the waiter took that opportunity of endeavouring to allay his anger, by saying that "he meant no offence."

"Offence!" echoed Bottom, "no offence, you rascal, to send up dry toast in that manner to gentlemen." Then, turning to the cornet, who had remained all the

time of the colloquy looking on in mute astonishment, and totally unable to divine the cause of this mighty storm, he continued, "What think you, Sir, of this fellow having had the insolence to bring me up toast, cut in the form of triangles, a thing which was never seen before in civilized society, and which I am determined never tamely to submit to."

This it was which brought forth the anger of the Reverend Barnaby Bottom, and if his companion had not been restrained by some feeling of respect, if not of awe, for so venerable a personage, he would have laughed outright

Μηνιν αειδε θεα—βλοσυρωπιος
Ουλομενην.

However, the waiter soon after appeared, with the toast cut in the ordinary rectangular form, and the old gentleman was himself again. In the journey to Dover, nothing occurred worthy of the pen of the historian, and early on the morning after the arrival of the travellers at Wright's hotel, they were on board the packet which was to convey them to Boulogne.

The travellers found the packet crowded with passengers, and all the berths engaged—circumstances rather awkward, as the wind was making mournful music through the shrouds, and certain long, thin, sharp-pointed white clouds, which the cornet called "mare's tails," floating irregularly in the sky, gave fearful promise of a gale before nightfall. Barnaby saw at once the difficulties of his situation, and, like a wily politician, silently communed with himself as to the course he should pursue.

"It will certainly come on to blow," said he; "the deck will never answer, for I shall be drenched with salt water, and then that cursed rheumatism will lay hold of me again, and if I go down into the cabin I shall certainly be sick." Just at this moment, a carriage which was lashed on the deck, met his eye, and he was

saved all further consideration for the safe lodgment of his body politic, by at once deciding upon appropriating that vehicle for his retreat.

At length the anchor was raised, and the packet ploughed the angry deep. The novelty of the scene at first amused our hero; but after an hour had been expended in buffeting against a contrary wind, certain indescribable recurrences of those same sensations which he had before experienced in crossing the Irish channel, deprived him of that enjoyment which the scene might otherwise have afforded.

The wind increased to what Pierce thought was a complete gale; but the sailers assured him that it was only "a stiff breeze," and that what he magnified into waves, was only a pleasant curl on the water. Convinced as his reason might have been of this fact, his stomach was not equally insensible to the increased motion of the vessel; and soon the poor cornet, seated near the stern, poured forth his soul upon the boiling tide which rushed beneath him, while, at intervals, he remarked to his fellow-passengers, with a sickly smile which seemed to mock itself, "Gentlemen, this is quite a party of pleasure."

Deafening cries of "Steward! steward!" now alarmed the passengers, and drew the eyes of every one to that part of the ship where the carriage was placed. Pierce, ill as he was, ran to see what was the matter, and found, to his great surprise, that his friend, Bottom, was the cause of the confusion.

It appeared, that the old gentleman having experienced the same qualms as his young friend, from the "stiff breeze" and the "curl on the water," had endeavoured to establish himself in the carriage, which he had marked out for his retreat, and where he calculated upon being able to pour forth his silent sorrows, "unknowing and unknown." Now, old Barnaby was, as we before stated, a man of massive proportions, and in one peculiarity of figure, might challenge competi-

tion with any of the subjects of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands; indeed, as he walked in the street, an indifferent observer might fancy a certain part of his person had effected a cohesion with, and appropriated to its uses, the cushion of the last chair he had been sitting on, in order to give a more graceful fall to the lappets of his coat, anticipating, as it were, the modern *polisson* of the ladies.

A person thus inconveniently formed, should certainly have been cautious how and where he intruded his person, and should have considered that carriage doors were made for the generality of mankind, and not intended to accommodate the eccentric proportions of certain individuals of the species; and perhaps Barnaby, on mature consideration, would not have made an attempt which afterward proved so fatal; but whether it was that he absolutely forgot the breadth of tail with which he was gifted, or was determined to make a bold push in extremity—as the [illegible] say, "any port in a storm"—certain it is, that the Reverend Barnaby Bottom opened the door of the aforesaid carriage, and thrust his head into it with all the confidence of a man who had no doubt whatever that the rest of his body would unhesitatingly follow.

But, alas! like the renowned hero of the bear and fiddle, he

> Began, but broke off in the middle,

The historian, however, would not deal fairly by Bottom, who did not give him every credit for vigorous exertion and inflexibility of purpose. Every dexterous mode of insinuation was adopted which gave a hope of success; now he tried to get in sideways, now to back in; now he tried one door, then another.

> "Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt,"

cried he, in a tone of doleful lamentation; but melt it

would not: and poor Bottom, after vain and repeated efforts to go forward, now tried to retire—

> At revocate gradum,—
> Hic labor, hoc opus est.

Here he was also foiled, and his vast centre remained in the close embrace of the tenacious door-way, while his general position resembled as nearly as possible that of a person "giving a back" at leap frog—and surely, to one fond of the sport, never did there exist so monstrous, so provoking a temptation—that is to say, had the ground in his advance been clear.

The breeze now freshened, the motion of the packet became more violent, and sickness was added to the other afflictions of the unfortunate Bottom. For a long time he tried to resist its approaches, but to no purpose, and the proprietor of the passage, on inspecting the interior of his vehicle, when they arrived at Boulogne, had reason to deplore his imprudence in not securing its doors against the casual visits of passengers on the high seas.

It was at the moment which has just been described that the sound of "steward! steward!" had so alarmed the whole ship's company. Pierce, as we have already apprised the reader, hastened to the assistance of his friend, and tried first (as in duty bound) to relieve the sufferer from his unfortunate situation; but after several unavailing efforts, he was satisfied that this was a task far beyond his powers; he therefore went to seek the help of stronger arms. All this time the unhappy gentleman's body was in a continued state of violent action, proceeding as well from external as internal causes, and working like a steam-engine; ever and anon, too, certain sounds, like those which precede the eruptions of Vesuvius, were heard, and then an inward groaning followed. To the many kind inquiries of those passengers whose own internal sensations enabled them to sympathize with the sufferer,

he answered only with a surly growl, or a long-drawn sigh, while he flung his legs about him with a vigour and impartiality more astonishing than pleasing to those who happened to be within their reach.

Under these circumstances, the most convalescent, after a little experience, cared not to approach within the range of Barnaby's highly-excited extremities, and his situation appeared becoming desperate; at length, some two or three of the crew, more chivalric than the rest, headed by our hero, advanced to the scene of action, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," extracted, but not without considerable difficulty, the Patagonian person of the Reverend Barnaby Bottom from its place of confinement.

It was to no purpose that the ordinary restoratives were administered to the exhausted Barnaby; brandy, porter, eau de Cologne, and gingerbread nuts, were all equally unsuccessful: and when the packet arrived at her destination, the poor gentleman lay still prostrate on the deck. Pierce now became seriously alarmed for his fellow-traveller, particularly on finding that the vessel could not reach the pier, and that it would be necessary for the passengers to go on shore in a boat; but scarcely had this increased difficulty of disposing of his friend presented itself, when he saw the well-known shapeless form of Barnaby suspended, in mid air, over the boat, by a rope from the ship's side: at first our hero was going to call to the captain to account for the very unaccountable manner in which he had thought proper to disencumber himself of his friend, but when he saw old Bottom stowed safely in the boat, he thought it was scarcely worth while to quarrel with the mode of his conveyance thither; so, after seeing the baggage on board, he slipped down the ship's side, and joined his companion.

They now pulled on for the shore, and the cornet was beginning to flatter himself that all the troubles of the voyage were about to conclude, when the boat in

which they were seated unfortunately ran aground, and no efforts of the crew could get her off. The boatmen (to whom this was no extraordinary occurrence) at once proposed taking the company to the shore on their backs, and one of them, a powerful fellow, undertook the charge of Mr. Bottom, provided he was judiciously placed in the saddle. After some time, and considerable difficulty, this was effected, to the infinite amusement of the other passengers, who watched with anxious eyes the progress of this modern Falstaff to the shore.

The march of the boatmen was at first slow but steady, and Pierce was already anticipating the safe arrival of his friend on *terra firma*, when suddenly he and his vast burthen were seen to go down together, and a low, grumbling "d—n you," in a tone which was now familiar to the passengers, showed that old Bottom was not altogether so insensible as they supposed to what was passing around him.

As they were now within a few yards of the shore, it was not thought necessary to replace Barnaby in his seat; indeed, the poor fellow who had carried him was quite unequal to further exertion, as he had suffered severely in the mighty fall; a strong rope, therefore, was tied round his middle, and in this manner he was drawn through the surf to the shore.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

Benedict. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Reverend Barnaby Bottom declared to his friend the cornet, as soon as their walk from the shore had ended, and the cheerful appearance of the *Hôtel des Bains* had tended somewhat to revive his drooping spirits, and to render his utterance more coherent, that, "after the sufferings he had experienced in the passage across, and the general shock which it had given to his mental and bodily faculties, it would be quite impossible for him to accompany the cornet in so perilous an expedition as he intended."

"Not accompany me, Sir!" exclaimed Pierce. "Good God, Sir! what then am I to do? Is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise of assistance?"

"My dear young friend," said Barnaby, in a subdued tone, and fearing to add to the cornet's rage, which was visibly kindling, "I assure you it is with great regret that I feel myself obliged to decline; but really my stomach is so much affected, and my hips are so bruised, that I am scarce able to stir; the ducking which that stupid boatman gave me, will certainly bring on the rheumatism; the lumbago is sure to follow, and I already feel a very portentous twinge in my left toe—but," added he, by way of qualification, "perhaps, after a few days—"

"A few days, Sir!" exclaimed our hero, interrupting him; "you might as well say a few months—Oh, that I was fool enough to encumber myself with such a"—

Pierce forebore concluding a sentence whose termination would have reflected upon his friend's peculiarity of figure; and seizing a candle, rushed to his bedroom in a state of anger and disappointment which he seldom exhibited.

Here he paced the room for some moments, under violent excitation, bitterly inveighing against his friend Bottom, whose unaccommodating proportions and diseased frame had thus brought him to so painful an extremity.

"Arrived here," said he, "depending upon that old Bottom, whose knowledge of the language I thought would have enabled me to make my way, and prepare every thing for flight—looking, too, to the advantage of his being a clergyman of the established church, and being able by that means to have the marriage ceremony performed before they could overtake us; and now this old hulk—this unwieldy tub—this crazed carcass of a Hottentot Apollo—is not able to move, and I am left to myself, in a most critical moment, in a foreign country, unknown, unknowing, and not able to speak three words of the language." Then, transferring his abuse to her in whose wily brain he justly considered the origin of all his misfortunes had originated, he continued—

"Curse the infernal fiend, whose mercenary manœuvring has brought me to this! Oh, that her angelic child were once wrested from her unprincipled hands! —that Susan were once sensible of her mother's villany—of her unfeeling, dishonourable conduct. Wretch! who has torn me from my life—my soul! Oh, that the ground would open, and that thy accursed heart were engulfed in fire unquenchable!"

Pierce threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, and became lost in a retrospective vision of his past life. Its pains and pleasures, hopes and fears, expectations and disappointments, fled rapidly before him; by one object guided—by one bright star illumined—the lapse

of years seemed but as moments; the unvarying hand of time seemed hurried into that pursuit where all his joys had been centred, and all his expectations wrecked.

Insensible to the approach of night, he remained gazing listlessly upon the drapery of the room, whose varied tints were reflected in the moonlight; and had not yet been able to determine in what manner he could, under existing difficulties, proceed in his intentions, when he was startled by a gentle tap at the door, accompanied by a voice that pronounced his name, in an accent he thought he could not be deceived in. The cornet answered, by instantly opening the door, and, to his astonishment, beheld his old acquaintance and friend, Dennis Hogan, the groom.

"Whist, whist, masther," said Dennis; "she's dead, she's dead."

"Dead!" said Pierce, with most fearful anticipations, "who?—what?—who's dead?—how came you here?"

"The ould missus, Sir, has kicked; God presarve us—ould Missus Lovett. So I thought, hearing you was here, I'd just come and tell you."

"Mrs. Lovett dead!" exclaimed Pierce, and paused for a moment: "Thank God!" he added, and dropped into his chair.

"Amen!" said Dennis.

The faithful groom now told our hero, that in the packet which arrived from Dover the preceding day, both the Lovett family and his new master, the Honourable Mr. Hare, had been passengers; that in the course of conversation in the cabin, Mr. Hare, not having heard the names, and not being acquainted with the persons of any of the Lovett family, had accidentally introduced the subject of the cornet's romantic attachment, and stated the different circumstances in detail to a friend of his and of Pierce, who happened to be on board. Mrs. Lovett, though ill and laying in her birth, was so situated as to be able to hear the whole of Mr. Hare's statement, which her husband,

who was present, did not think prudent to contradict; this led to a violent discussion between the rector and his lady, immediately after they had landed, and the effect of this great excitement, operating upon an exhausted and irritable frame, caused Mrs. Lovett to rupture a blood-vessel, which produced instant death.

The cornet's prospects now shone in cloudless brilliancy; all impediments to his happiness vanished with her who caused them. The complying rector, who, if left to the exercise of his own judgment and the dictates of his own feelings, would long since have relinquished an unprincipled opposition, and extended to our hero the palm of reconciliation, now hastened to assure him of his regret for the past and his wishes for the future. Pierce was too sensible of the good man's real character, not to receive his advance as it deserved. Insults were forgot, injuries were forgiven; and on the morning which succeeded the cornet's night of anger, disappointment, despair, and surprise, he pressed to his transported heart the cherished idol of his devoted attachment.

Pierce and Susan had much to hear and much to tell; arrangements for the future were, however, of paramount importance: and after much discussion on propriety, feelings, happiness, and the danger of procrastination, in the investigation of which subjects the Reverend Barnaby Bottom, in despite of his lumbago and incipient gout, lent the aid of his mental powers, it was finally determined that after the Cornet's labours at Sandhurst should have been concluded, and that he had obtained, as they had no doubt he would, the high recommendation of the board of general officers, that ceremony should take place which was to unite his fate indissolubly with that of Susan.

THE END.